



A Private and Personal Collection

Limited Edition

Presented

For the hell of it

For Laughs and

"Fer Fun"

To

Bob
.....
Ed

One who can take the finer things of life in stride. As one philosopher said, "He who loves not wine, women and song remains a fool his whole life long."

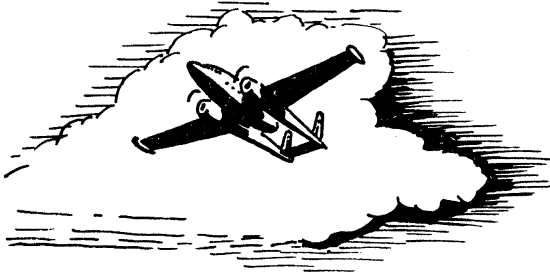
Volume I

Copy No.

THE THREE HATS



Being a private collection of favorite lyrics gleaned from the pubs, bistros, Sake dispensaries, dives, gin mills, pup tents, ward rooms, and post exchanges frequented by soldiers, sailors, and airmen during the late unpleasantness.



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ILLUSTRATED BY

Rino **Assisted by** *Eddie*



PUBLISHED BY THE DRUNKEN PRESS



INTRODUCTION

If this little volume seems to reek of the fumes of whiskey, it comes by it honestly. It was literally born in a highball.

But the purpose of getting it together was not to immortalize the pleasures of drink, but to gather around one piano, with good spirit and fellowship, our friends of the Army, the Navy, and the Air Force.

The battle can rage all day long over whether we need a big carrier or who will have the biggest bomber or whether flying the Army into battle is feasible, but in the evening from Newport to Pensacola, Berlin to Nome, they gather together, admirals and generals, paratroopers and pilots, crew chiefs and petty officers, to sing and drink in one another's company, and in one another's honor.

Invariably the evening brings forth tales of how each one of them won the war single handedly. Invariably someone remembers Dirty Gertie from Bizerte, and all the arguments fade out in favor of close harmony. As soldiers from the time of Genghis Khan, their songs revolve around three topics, women (always first), liquor, and ridicule of one another and inevitably of higher authority.

This collection, by no means complete, is largely a grist of World War II. Many of the tunes are old favorites brought up to date by the latest generation of combat soldiers, sailors and airmen. Because so many of them were civilians at heart, the anthology has a thread of favorites popular in the parlors and outhouses of this country for a long, long time.

Perhaps in its way it will help to bring together three valiant services which will go forward as one in friendly rivalry and mutual respect.

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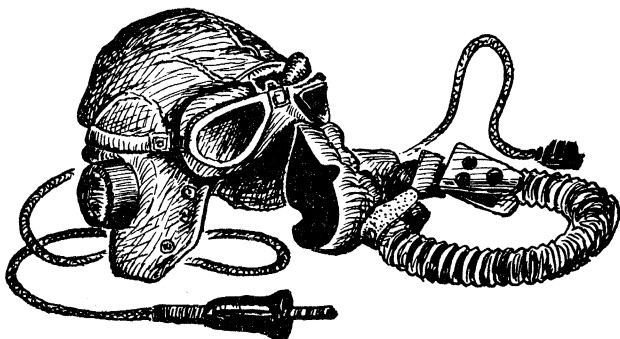


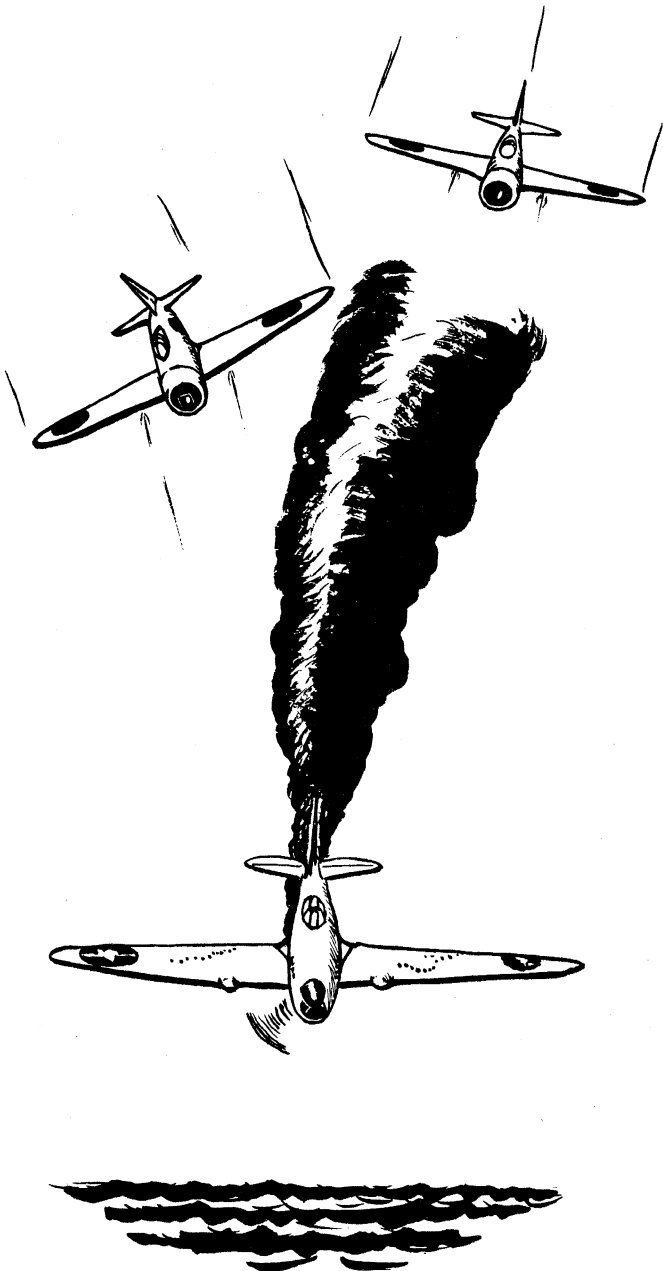
THE AIR FORCE SONG



*Off we go into the wild blue yonder,
Climbing high into the sun.
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder,
At 'em boys, give 'er the gun!
Down we dive spouting our flame from under,
Off with one terrible roar!
We live in fame, go down in flame,
Boy! Nothing will stop the nation's Air Force.*

*Off we go into the wild sky yonder,
Keep the wings level and true.
If you'd live to be a grey-haired wonder,
Keep the nose out of the blue.
Flying men guarding the nation's border,
We'll be there, followed by more.
In echelon we carry on,
Boy! Nothing will stop the nation's Air Force.*





THE SONG OF THE BOMBARDIERS

*We're ready to make a flight,
The gunner is at his sight,
The bomber is fuel'd and ready to go,
The weather is clear tonight;
A typical "bomber moon,"
The motors are all in tune,
The pilot is in the cockpit,
So! we've got to get goin' soon.*

REFRAIN

*To roar away with the bombardiers,
Rack up the eggs, line up the "golden goose,"
Roar away with the bombardiers,
We're headin' for the spot to turn 'em loose.
High or low, in rain or snow, or 'neath a tropical sun.
Off we go, look out below, we've got a job to be done,
With bombs, bombs, bombs dropped as souvenirs,
From the U. S. bombardiers.*

ALTERNATE REFRAIN

*Night or day, in rain or snow, or skies as clear as a bell.
"Bombs away" means "off we go," to give 'em plenty of hell,
With bombs, bombs, bombs dropped as souvenirs,
From the U. S. bombardiers.*

BLOOD ON THE RISERS

(Tune: "John Brown's Body")

"Is everybody happy?" cried the sergeant, looking up.

*Our hero feebly answered "Yes", and then they stood him up,
He leaped right out into the blast, his static line unhooked,
He ain't gonna jump no more!!*

*He counted long, he counted loud, he waited for the shock,
He felt the wind, he felt the clouds, he felt the awful drop,
He jerked the cord, the silk spilled out, and wrapped around his
legs,
He ain't gonna jump no more!!*

*The risers wrapped around his neck, connectors cracked his dome,
The lines were snarled and tied in knots, around his skinny
bones,
The canopy became his shroud, he hurtled to the ground.
He ain't gonna jump no more!!*

*The days he'd lived and loved and laughed kept running through
his mind,
He thought about the girl back home, the one he had left
behind,
He thought about the medico's, and wondered what they'd find,
He ain't gonna jump no more!!*

*The ambulance was on the spot, the jeeps were running wild,
The medics jumped and screamed with glee, they rolled their
sleeves and smiled,
For it had been a week or more since last a 'chute had failed,
He ain't gonna jump no more!!*

*He hit the ground, the sound was "SPLAAT", his blood went
spurting high,
His comrades were then heard to say, "A helluva way to die."
He lay there rolling 'round in the welter of his gore,
He ain't gonna jump no more!!*

*There was blood upon the risers, there were brains upon the
'chute,*

*Intestines were a-dangling from his paratrooper boots,
They picked him up still in his 'chute and poured him from his
boots,*

He ain't gonna jump no more!!

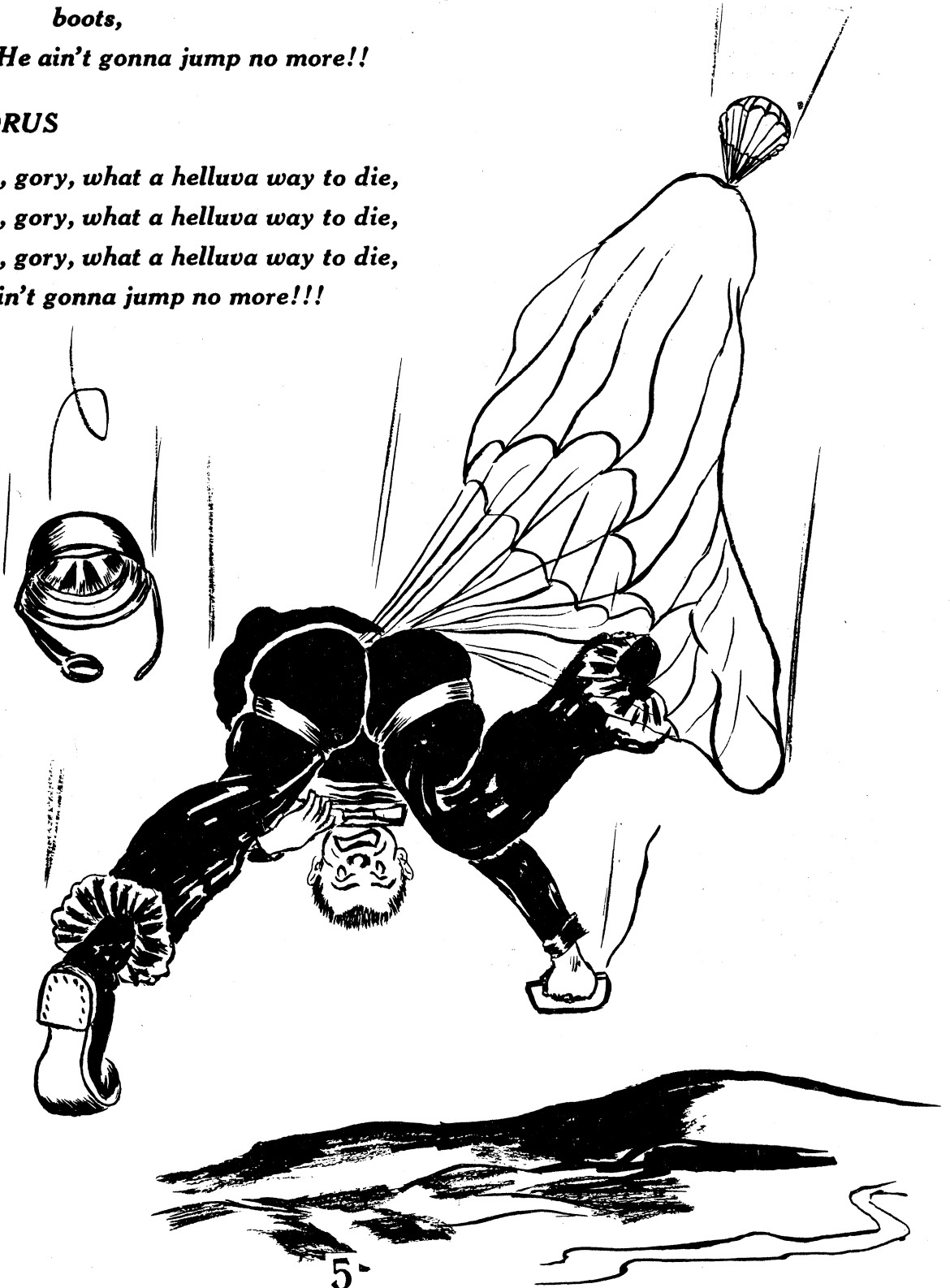
CHORUS

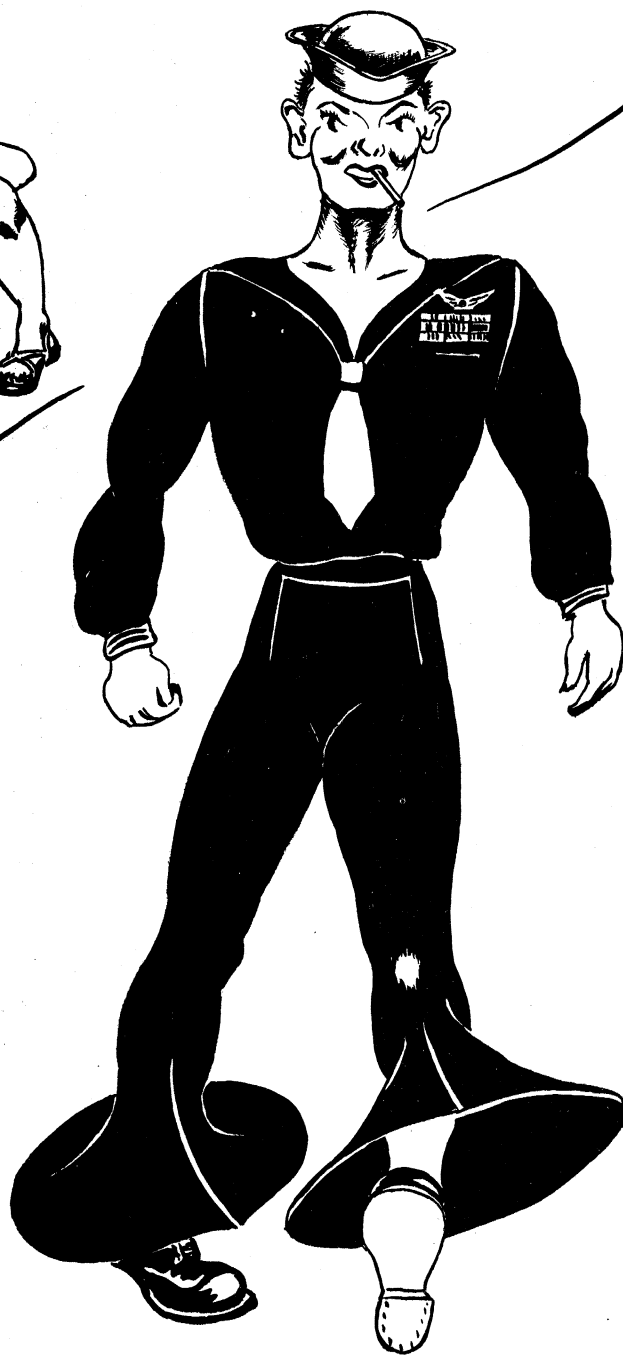
Gory, gory, what a helluva way to die,

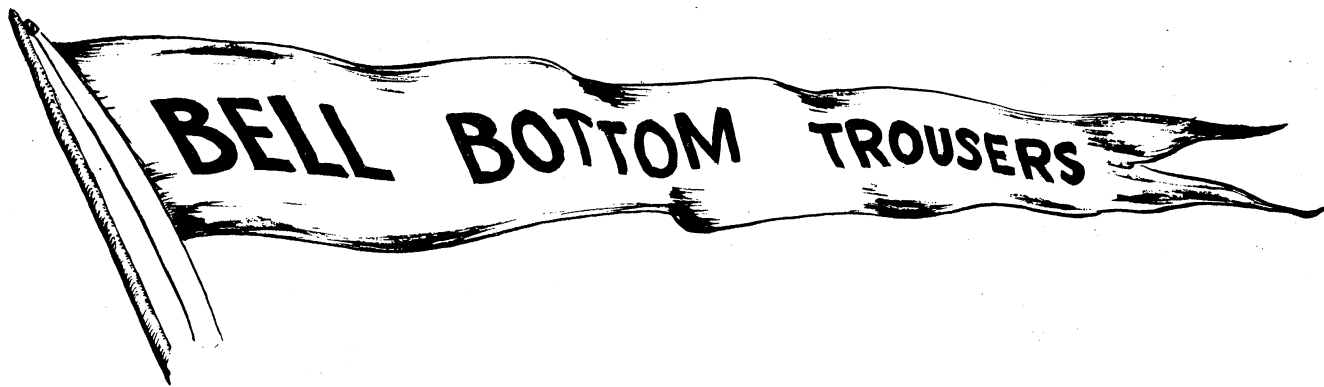
Gory, gory, what a helluva way to die,

Gory, gory, what a helluva way to die,

He ain't gonna jump no more!!!







CHORUS

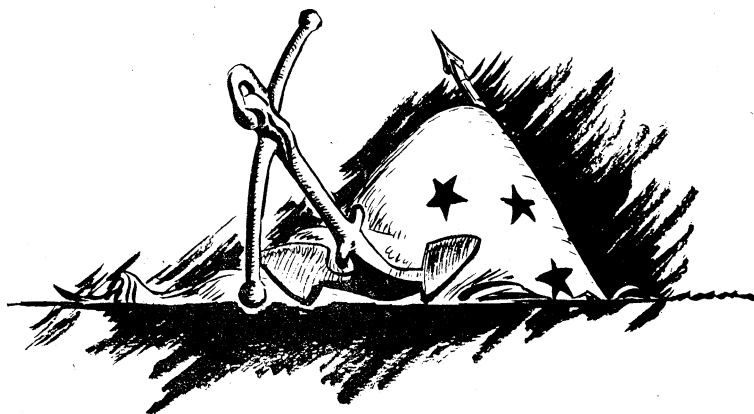
*He asked me for a candle to light his way to bed,
He asked me for a kerchief to tie around his head.
I being an innocent maid and knowing none of harm,
Jumped into the sailor's bed to keep the sailor warm.*

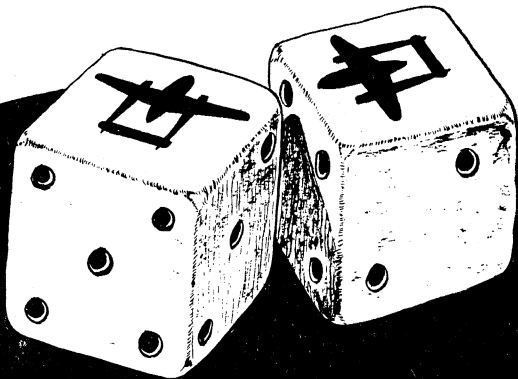
*Early in the morning before the break of day,
He handed me a five pound note before he went away,
Saying, "Take this, my darling, for all the harm I've done.
It may be a daughter, it may be a son.*

*If it's a daughter, bounce her on your knee,
If it's a son, send the bastard out to sea."*

CHORUS

*Singing bell bottom trousers with coats of Navy blue,
He'll ride the rigging like his daddy used to do.
Now here is the moral of my tale of misery,
Never trust a sailor an inch above the knee.*





ARTILLERY SONG

*Over hill, over dale, as we hit the dusty trail,
And the caissons go rolling along.
In and out, hear them shout—counter march and right about,
And the caissons go rolling along.*

CHORUS

*Then it's Hi! Hi! Hee! in the Field Artillery,
Shout out your numbers loud and strong.
Where'er you go, you will always know,
That the caissons are rolling along.*

*In the storm, in the night, action left or action right;
See the caissons go rolling along.
Limber front, limber rear, prepare to mount, you cannoneer,
And the caissons go rolling along.*



WHITE MISTRESS

Tune: "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas"

*I'm dreaming of a white mistress,
Just like the ones I used to know,
With lips empassioned and charms unrationed,
And thighs that glisten like the snow.
I'm dreaming of a white mistress,
The kind that the Arabs do not know.
For though colors may change at night,
Yet may all my mistresses be white.*

*I'm dreaming of a white mistress,
Unmarred by wind or dust or sun,
Like a supple willow with breasts to pillow,
My tired head when day is done.
I'm dreaming of a white mistress,
Who's neither yellow, tan, nor black,
But dreaming's not any fun, so
Knock it off and let's all hit the sack.*

IN THE CLOVER

*The act is number one, and we had just begun,
Oh, roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.
Roll me over, in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.*

*The act is number two, and we were in a stew,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.
Roll me over, in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.*

*The act is number three, and he had me on his knee.
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.
Roll me over, in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.*

*The act is number four, and he had me on the floor,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.
Roll me over, in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.*

*The act is number five, and we were both alive,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.
Roll me over, in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.*

*The act is number six, and he had me in a fix,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.
Roll me over, in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.*



*The act is number seven, and we were both in heaven,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.
Roll me over, in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.*

*The act is number eight, and the doctor's at the gate,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.
Roll me over, in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.*

*The act is number nine, and the baby came on time,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.
Roll me over, in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.*



*The act is number ten, and we started over again,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.
Roll me over, in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.*

*The act is number eleven, and the same as number seven,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.
Roll me over, in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.*



*The act is number twelve, and we both were going to hell,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.
Roll me over, in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.*

*The act is number twenty, and we both had had a plenty,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.
Roll me over, in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.*

*The act is number thirty, and the story is getting dirty,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.
Roll me over, in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down and do it again.*



It's the Sime the 'Ole World Over



*She was just a parson's daughter,
Pure and unstyned was her nyme,
First 'e 'ad 'er then 'e left 'er,
And the poor girl lost 'er nyme.*

CHORUS

*It's the sime the 'ole world over,
It's the poor what tikes the blime;
It's the rich what gets the grivy,
Aynt it all a bloody shime?*

*Then she went to London city,
For to 'ide 'er 'orrid shime;
There she met another squire;
Once agine she lost 'er nime.*

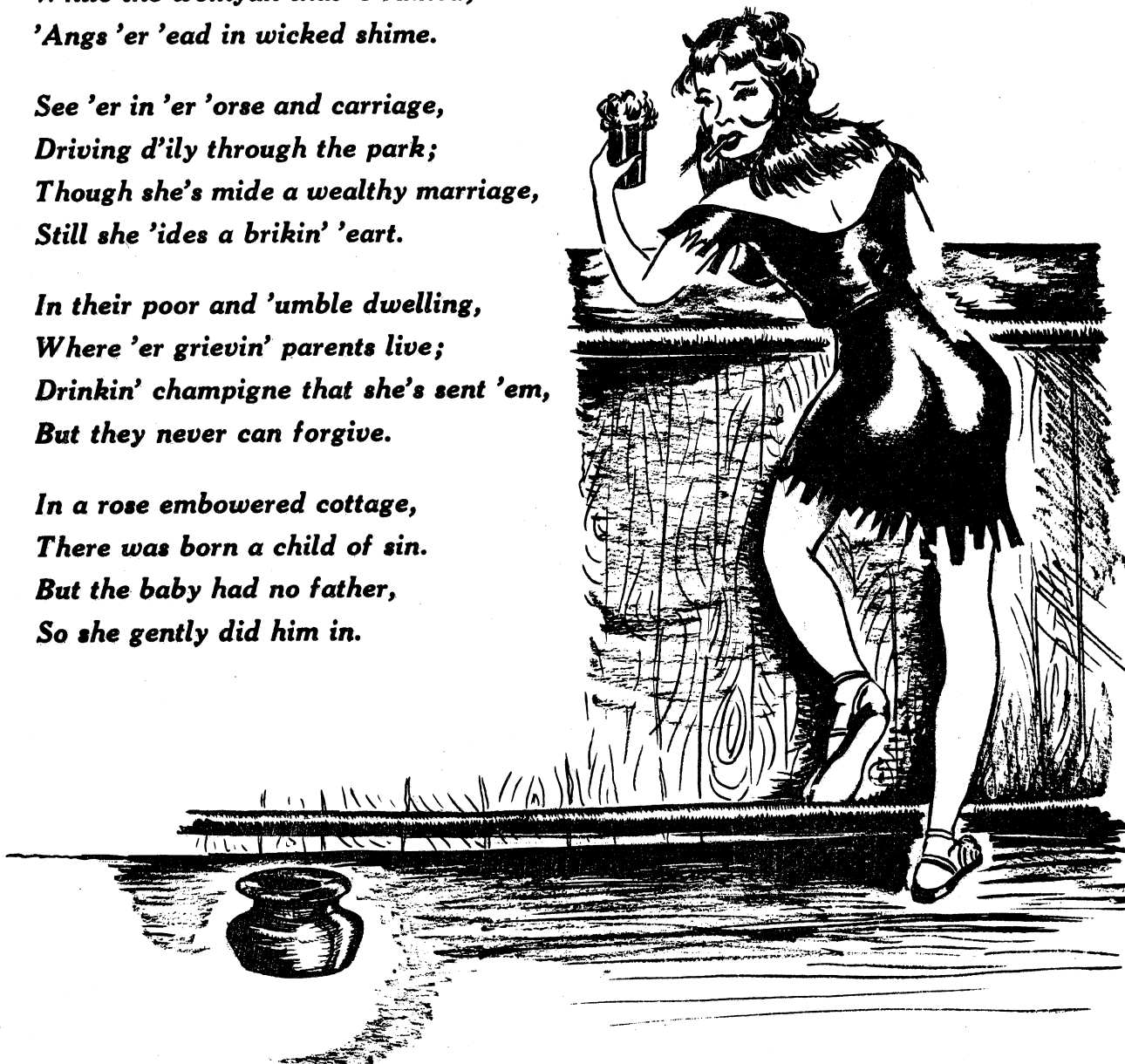
*Look at 'im with all 'is 'orses,
Drinking champagne in 'is club,
While the victim of 'is passions,
Drinks her guinness in a pub.*

*'Ear 'im in the 'Ouse of Commons,
Mikin' laws to put down crime;
While the womyun that 'e ruined,
'Angs 'er 'ead in wicked shime.*

*See 'er in 'er 'orse and carriage,
Driving d'ily through the park;
Though she's mide a wealthy marriage,
Still she 'ides a brikin' 'eart.*

*In their poor and 'umble dwelling,
Where 'er grievin' parents live;
Drinkin' champagne that she's sent 'em,
But they never can forgive.*

*In a rose embowered cottage,
There was born a child of sin.
But the baby had no father,
So she gently did him in.*





"BOMBED LAST NIGHT"

(Tune: "Drunk Last Night")

*Bombed last night, bombed the night before,
Gonna get bombed tonight like we never got bombed before,
For when we're bombed we're scared as we can be,
Oh, God damn the Japs with their bakugekiki!
They're over us, they're over us, one foxhole for the four of us,
Glory be to God that there are no more of us,
'Cause one of us could fill it all alone.*





LITTLE GOLD FISHES

*I wish all the girls were like little gold fishes,
And I was a whale, I would grant them their wishes.
Oh, roll your leg over, oh, roll your leg over,
Oh, roll your leg over the man in the moon.*

*I wish all the girls were like little white rabbits,
And I was a hare, I would teach them the habits.
Oh, roll your leg over, oh, roll your leg over,
Oh, roll your leg over the man in the moon.*

*I wish all the girls were like little white chickens,
And I was a rooster, I would give them the dickens.
Oh, roll your leg over, oh, roll your leg over,
Oh, roll your leg over the man in the moon.*

*I wish all the girls were like little green turtles,
And I was a tortoise, I'd loosen their girdles.
Oh, roll your leg over, oh, roll your leg over,
Oh, roll your leg over the man in the moon.*

I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO

*I used to work in Chicago, in a department store.
I used to work in Chicago, I did but I don't any more.
A lady came in for some shoes one day,
And I asked her what kind she adored.
Pump she said, and pump I did.
I did, but I don't any more.*

*I used to work in Chicago, in a department store.
I used to work in Chicago, I did but I don't any more.
A lady came in for some cloth one day,
And I asked her what kind she adored.
Felt she said, and felt I did.
I did, but I don't any more.*

*I used to work in Chicago, in a department store.
I used to work in Chicago, I did but I don't any more.
A lady came in for some cake one day,
And I asked her what kind she adored.
Layer she said, and layer I did.
I did, but I don't any more.*

*I used to work in Chicago, in a department store.
I used to work in Chicago, I did but I don't any more.
A lady came in for hose one day,
And I asked her what kind she adored.
Rubber she said, and rubber I did.
I did, but I don't any more.*

" A BIRD IN A GILDED CAGE "

As Sung by Robbie and Jake

*She's only a bird in a gilded cage,
A beautiful sight to see,
You may think that she's happy and contented there,
She's not, though she seems to be.*

*For it's sad when you think of her wasted years
For youth cannot mate with age,
She sold her soul for an old man's gold
She's a bird in a gilded cage.*



THE 80,000 TONS THAT DISAPPEARED

As Sung by Dave

*Three years it took to build her, three long years to make her float,
But when she put out to sea she was one hell of a big boat.
Oh, the Navy they did love her, but a sub her finish wrote,
She's the 80,000 tons that disappeared.*

*On the day that she was launched, the bands and brass they all
were there,*

*For here was a floating runway that the Air Force couldn't bear.
But she tangled with some Yaks, and suddenly she wasn't there,
She's the 80,000 tons that disappeared.*

*There were twelve or twenty Admirals, each with sitting room
and bath,*

*There were ninety short range bombers to subdue the Commy's
wrath,*

*But a thousand miles from launching range she crossed a big
bomb's path,*

She's the 80,000 tons that disappeared.

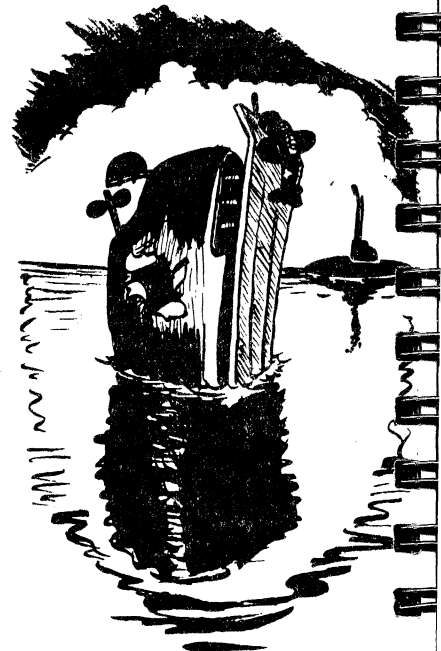
She's got radar, she's got fighters, she's got flak beyond compare,

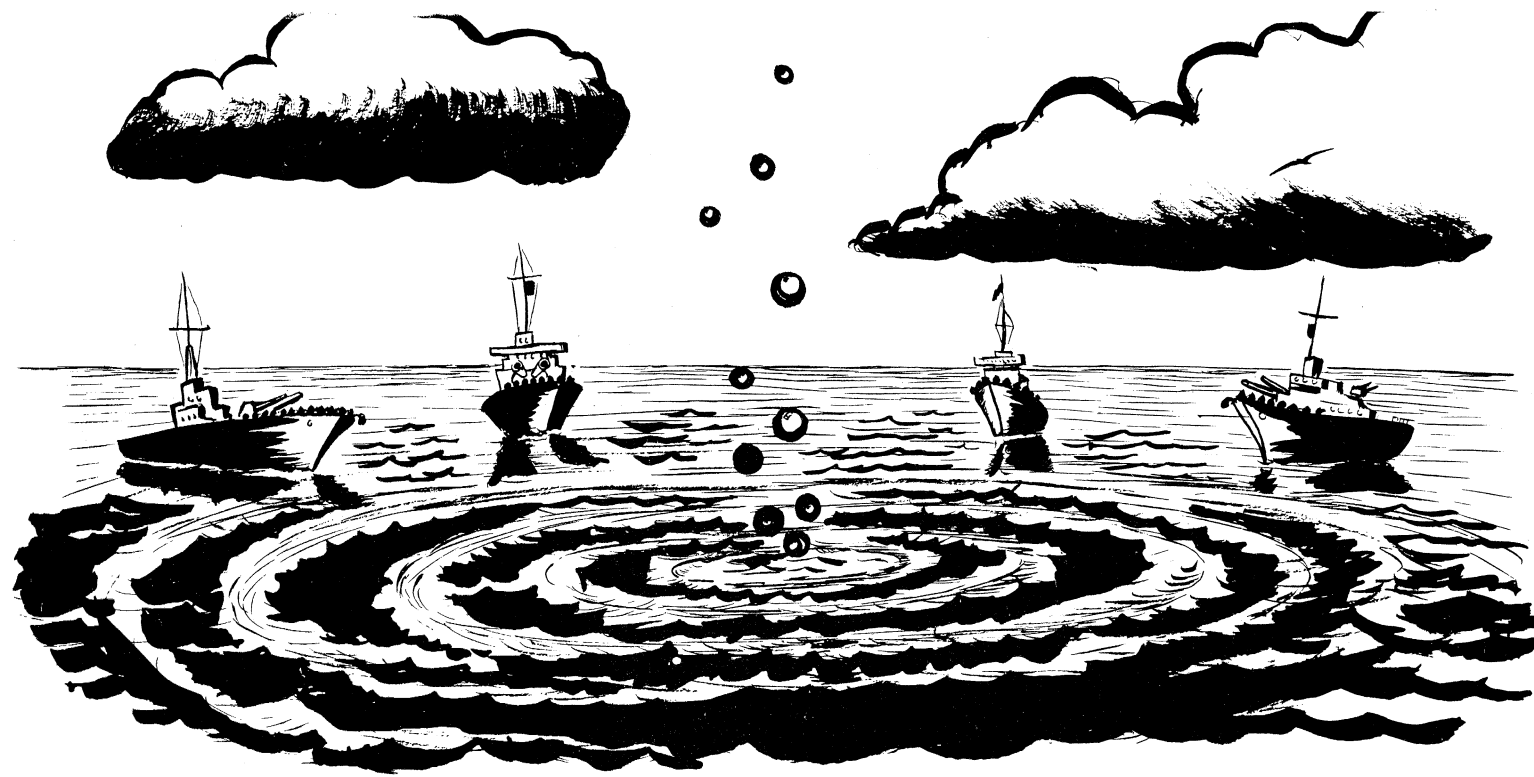
But her tiny little bombers wouldn't muss a Cossack's hair.

Returning from a mission, please imagine their despair,

She's the 80,000 tons that wasn't there.

*Mr. Forrestal designed her, Mr. Sullivan concurred,
U. S. Steel and G. E. love her, even tho' Hoyt S. demurred,
But while racing o'er the sea to Davy Jones she was referred,
She's the 80,000 tons that disappeared.*





*She's got armor plate and speed, and range and ice cream sodas
too,*

*And her pilots live in splendor, but her days are all too few.
Three years it took to build her, and three minutes to snafu,
She's the 80,000 tons that disappeared.*

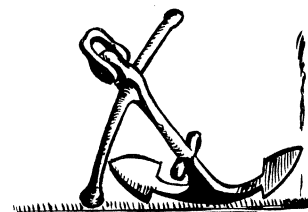
CHORUS

*Bow your head, bow your head, we are filled with remorse,
Thank the Lord, thank the Lord, there is still the Air Force.
She was a beauty, but she was shot to hell,
She's gone . . . where only God can tell.*

2nd (Optional) CHORUS

*Down she goes, down she goes, to the bottom of the sea.
Bring her back, bring her back, she's the last of our Navee.
She was a beauty, but what a price to pay,
She lived, but only for a day.*

TUNE - "STRIP POLKA"



THE BASTARD KING OF ENGLAND

*Oh, the minstrels sing of an English king,
Who lived long years ago.
How he ruled his land with an iron hand,
But his mind was weak and low,
He was wild and woolly and full of fleas,
And his bloomin' beard hung down to his knees.
Oh, God, save the bastard King of England.*

*Now he loved to hunt the bounding stag,
Within the royal wood,
But most of all, he loved his gin,
As every ruler should.
His only under-garment was a dirty undershirt,
With which he tried to hide his hide,
But he couldn't hide the dirt.*

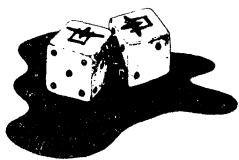
*In France at that time was a king,
Upon the throne did reign,
Who was jealous of the British rex,
Because of the Queen of Spain.
The ladies of his court were fair,
But with the Spanish Queen they could not compare,
Oh, God, save the bastard King of England.*

*Now the Queen of Spain was a sprightly dame,
And an amorous dame was she,
How she loved to twit the royal rex,
Who lived across the sea.
But this ancient rex was up on sex,
Because his love-life had been complex,
Oh, God, save the bastard King of England.*

*Ah, ha, said France, this British hound,
Will ne'er take off the prize,
As long as I have ships and sails,
And armies of such size,
For the love of one as sweet as she,
I'd give up life and liberty,
Oh, God, save the bastard King of England.*

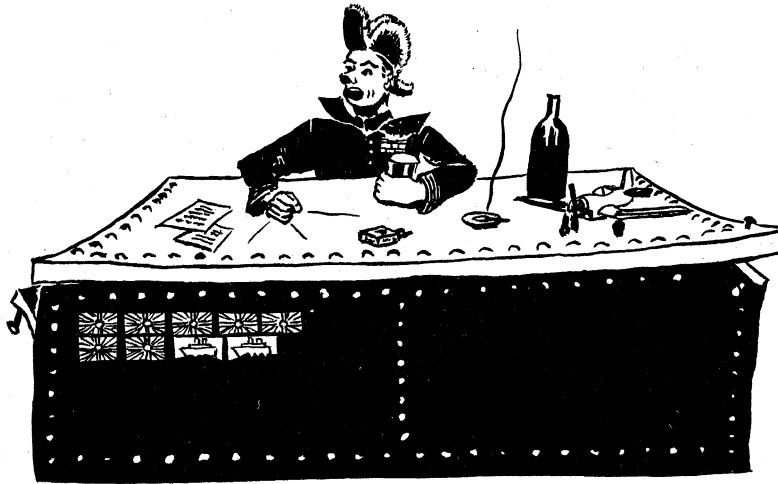
*Now the humor of this love affair,
Was spread throughout the land,
Oh, the army and the navy said,
The Spanish know where we stand.
But the Spanish Queen was just a flirt,
Who played at love and did men dirt,
Oh, God, save the bastard King of England.*

*Now, brothers, there were many scraps,
Between those ancient kings,
'Cause we hear of wars and battles,
Every time the minstrel sings.
For the love of the queen, they fought and bled,
But neither of them would she ever wed,
Oh, God, save the bastard King of England.*





"LET'S DRINK TO THE NAVY"



*Early in the morning . . . when the engines start to roar,
You can see the old goat standing in his double-Jamesway door.
He is sweating out the takeoff as he's always done before,
Safe behind his armor-plated desk.*

*When the lead ship starts to shudder, and the end seems near at
hand,
Who is flying on the sofa with his headset on command?
Who is crying, "Climb on top boys," with a mixed drink in his
hand?
He's the man behind the armor-plated desk.*

*When the phantom fleet's reported, who inspires our attack?
Who says, "Hundreds may not sink 'em boys, and some may
not get back?"
Who cries, "Deck level battle wagons," from his armor-plated
sack?
He's the man behind the armor-plated desk.*

*Four times he's led us out there, and he always leads us back,
But he circles o'er Rat Island while we go in to attack.
He says, "I'm hard but I'm fair, boys, tho' allergic to ack ack."
He's the man behind the armor-plated desk.*

"A BOMBER FLIES 10,000 MILES"

As Sung by Robbie and Jake

Tune "A Gay Caballero"

*Our bomber flies ten thousand miles,
Our bomber flies ten thousand miles,
But a bomb like a cherry
Is all it can carry
When our bomber flies ten thousand miles.*

CHORUS

*Steady boys, steady boys
Here comes another big lie.
Said pilot to bomber, "How slick,
Finding this target's no trick—
But my God, how strange
We're fresh out of range,
Strap on my parachute quick."*

CHORUS

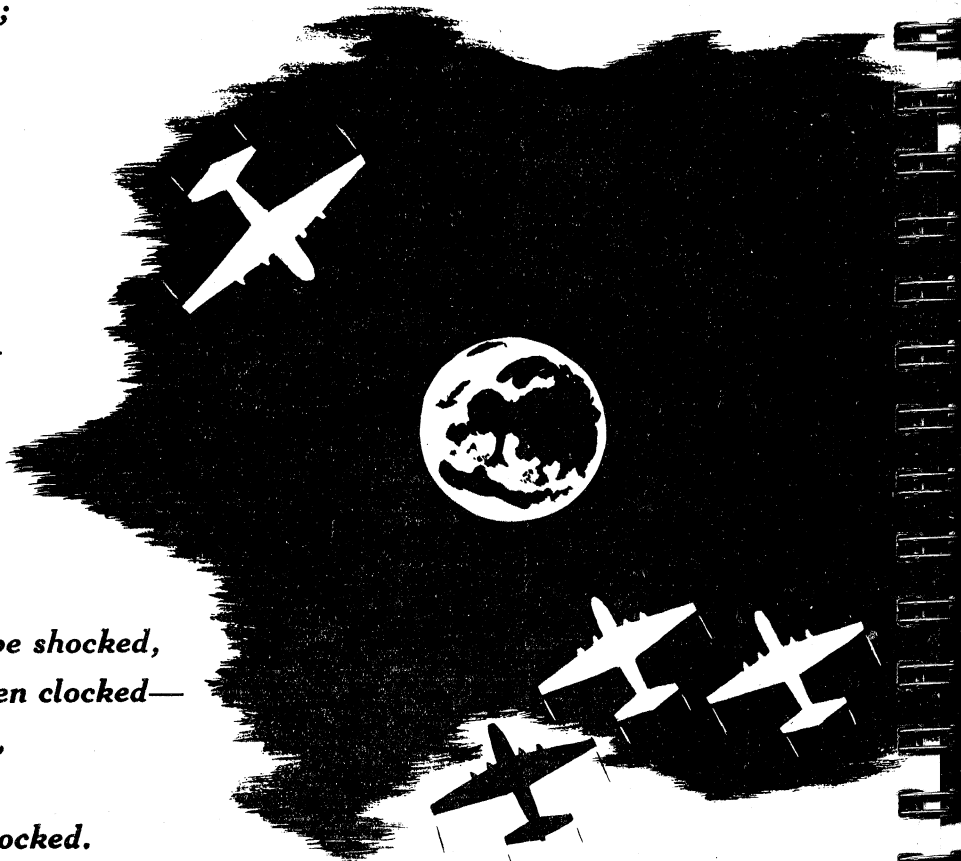
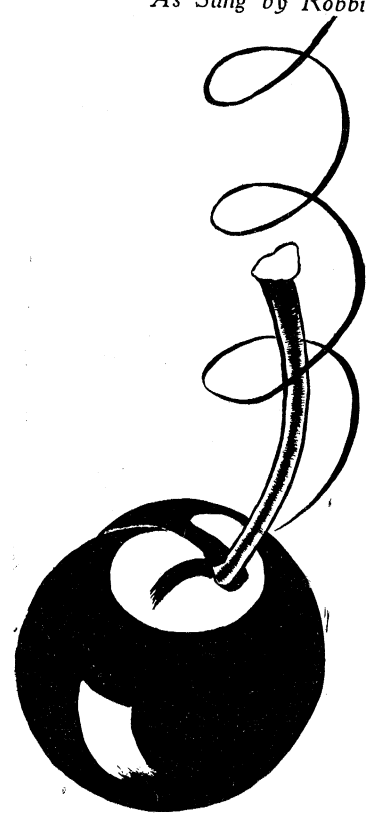
*The Air Force sure has the life grand—
Wine, women and song is the plan;
There's medals by baskets
For flying our caskets
In the M-G-M starlet command.*

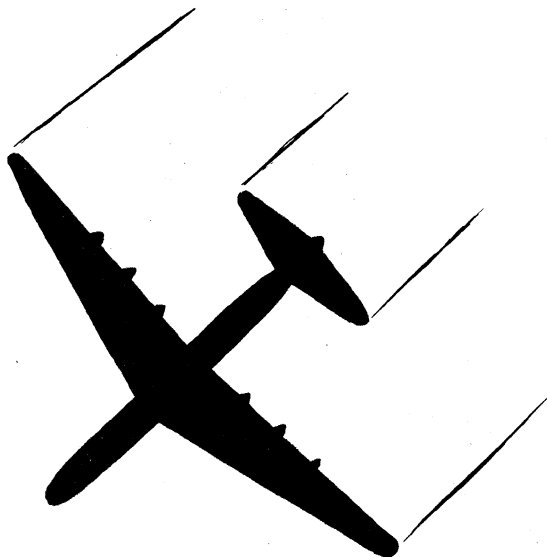
CHORUS

*F80's are certainly keen,
If to daring your tendencies lean—
But we want it said,
We'd not be caught dead
In such an infernal machine.*

CHORUS

*With our bombers the world will be shocked,
At three hundred miles they've been clocked—
But while dreaming up tricks,
With the B-36,
We've all had our heads up and locked.*





CHORUS

*The X-1 was cruising the blue,
The pilot felt something quite new;
Christ what a sensation,
Where's Public Relations,
The legion of merit will do.*

CHORUS

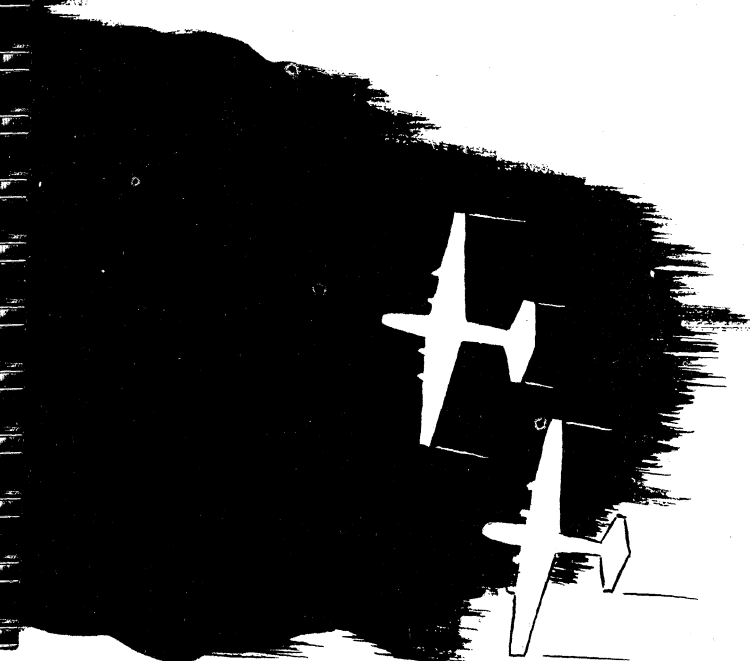
*Our bomber goes ten thousand miles,
We claim it but only with smiles,
While crashing the barrier—
We pooh, pooh, the carrier,
That really goes ten thousand miles.*

CHORUS

*Oh, we know what we're saying is true,
We got it directly from Stu,
We love the blue yonder—
But sometimes we wonder,
Just who's doing what and to who.*

CHORUS

*So listen young men as we say,
Be careful of wings and flight pay,
There's no prohibitions,
On suicide missions,
Soooo — come — join the Air Force today.*





"LET'S DRINK TO THE AIR FORCE"

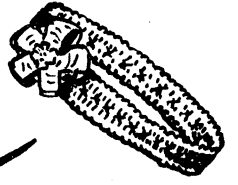
“ I WANT A BEER ”



(Tune: "I Want a Girl")

*I want a beer, just like the beer,
That canned up my old man.
It was a beer, and the only beer,
That daddy ever had.
A good old-fashioned beer with lots of foam,
Took six men to carry daddy home!
I want a beer, just like the beer,
That canned up my old man.*

The Purple Garter



*On her leg she wore a purple garter.
She wore it in the Springtime and in the month of May,
And when they asked her why the hell she wore it,
She said it was a soldier who was far, far away.*

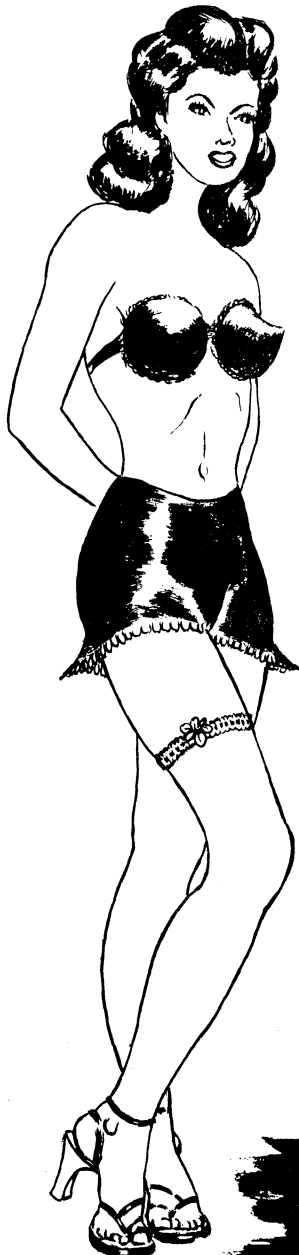
*Far away, far away, she wore it for
a soldier who was far, far away.*

*Down the street she pushed a baby carriage.
She pushed it in the Springtime and in the month of May,
And when they asked her why the hell she pushed it,
She answered, "For a soldier who is far, far away."*

*Far away, far away, she pushed it for
a soldier who was far, far away.*

*Behind the door her father keeps a shotgun.
He keeps it in the Springtime and in the month of May,
And when you ask him why the hell he keeps it,
He says, "'Tis for a soldier who is far, far away."*

*Far away, far away, he kept it for
a soldier who was far, far away.*



S.O.S. Song

*O mother, take down your service flag,
Your son's in the S. O. S.
He's S. O. L. but what the hell,
He never suffered less,
He may be thin, but that's from gin,
Or else I miss my guess,
So, mother, take down your service flag,
Your son's in the S. O. S.*



*TUNE RAMBLING WRECK FROM
GEORGIA TECH*



SITE OF
NEW
GARBAGE PIT
CO. "D"

C.P. →
901ST ENG. BN.

"A HELLUVA ENGINEER"

Tune *"A Ramblin' Wreck"*

*Come all you gallant soldiers, and a story you shall hear,
Of the trials and tribulations of an Army Engineer.
Like every honest soldier he took his whiskey clear,
Till General Scott said: "You shall not touch whiskey, wine or
beer."*

CHORUS

*He's a helluva, he's a helluva, helluva, helluva engineer,
A rambling skate from any old state, and nothing does he fear.
He tried to do his duty, and he tried to do it well,
But the captain and the sgt. and the cpl. gave him hell.*

*They took him to the rifle range to learn to fire at will,
The aiming and the trigger squeeze, the enemy to kill.
His rifle kicked him in the jaw, he missed the bull a mile,
For the chow-shack is the only place that he shows any style.*

*The doctor looked him over and the doctor grinned with glee,
"A shot in the arm will do no harm, bring on the large squee-gee."
With fifty-million typhoid bugs patrolling thru his blood,
They shot in fifty million more, and then his name was mud.*



THOSE ANCIENT KNIGHTS IN DAYS OF YORE

Those Ancient Knights in Days of Yore belonging to the Signal Corps,

*Lived lives of ease when all their foes they'd mastered,
And every night, so they'd relate, the whole durn gang would
congregate*

At some swell bar and stick till they were plastered.

*And when the bugler bugled at dawn they'd heave an ax at him
and yawn,*

*And snooze till twelve before they donned their armor;
But ancient customs don't survive, we now get up at half-past five,
And answer Reveille in our pajamas.*

CHORUS

*It makes me mighty sad to think of old Sir Galahad, and all the
knights of his romantic day,*

*When to win a Lady Charmer he would buckle on his armor and
hop into the fray.*

*To please his Lady Love he carried round her little glove and
everything that she said went,*

*For them were the days when a lady was a lady and a gent was a
perfect gent.*

*We left our homes and sailed for France to kick the well-known
Dutchman's pants,*

And leave behind the queen that we'd been rushing,

*And then some daring Dog of War who's in the Quartermaster
Corps,*

Forsakes his tasks and fares him forth amushing.

*And while for mail we vainly hunt, this dashing Quartermaster
runt*

Plays Heck with all our hopes and aspirations;

*And when we hear that little Nell is married, we just say,
"Oh, Hell,"*

And meekly write her our congratulations.



FLEET AIR WING — ALMA MATER

Monday I touched her on the ankle.

Tuesday I touched her on the knee.

Wednesday success, I histed up 'er dress,

And Thursday 'er chemise: Gor Blimey —

Friday I put me 'and around 'er,

Saturday she gave me ear a tweek,

But 'twas Sunday after dinner she made me out a sinner,

And now I'm payin' 'er six and seven a week.

I don't want to be a soldier.

I don't want to go to war.

I just want to hang around,

Picadilly on the ground,

Livin' off the waiges of an 'igh born laidy.

I don't want a bayonette up me backside.

I don't want me buttocks shot away.

For I'd rather be in England,

Bloody, Bloody England,

And fornicate me bloody life away. Gor Blimey —

Call out the Army and the Navy,

Call out the Rank and File.

Call out the dear old Territorials,

They can face the battle with a smile.

Call out the Boys of the Old Brigade,

Who made Old England free.

Call out your brother and your father and your mother,

But for Christ's sake don't call me.



"LET'S DRINK TO THE ARMY"

INFANTRY

*O the Infantry, the Infantry,
With the dust behind their ears,
The Infantry, the Infantry,
They drink their mighty beers,
The Cavalry, Artillery and all the Engineers,
Couldn't lick a squad of Infantry,
In a hundred thousand years.*

*For its home, boys home,
It's home we ought to be,
Home boys home, in the land of Liberty,
We'll hoist Old Glory to the top of the pole,
And we'll all re-enlist —
In a pig's ass hole.*



"I Know Where They Are"

If you want to find the Majors

I know where they are,

Yes, I know where they are.

If you want to find the Majors

I know where they are.

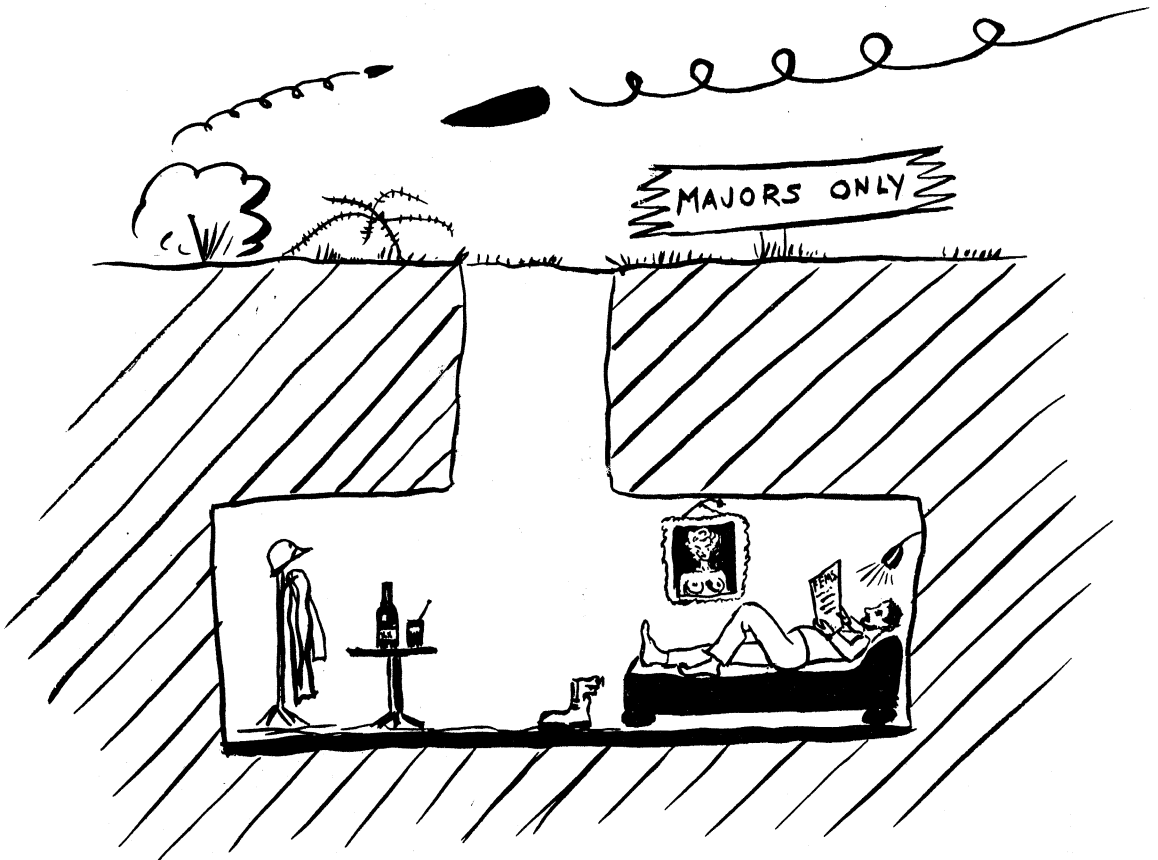
Down in the deep dugout,

I saw them, I saw them.

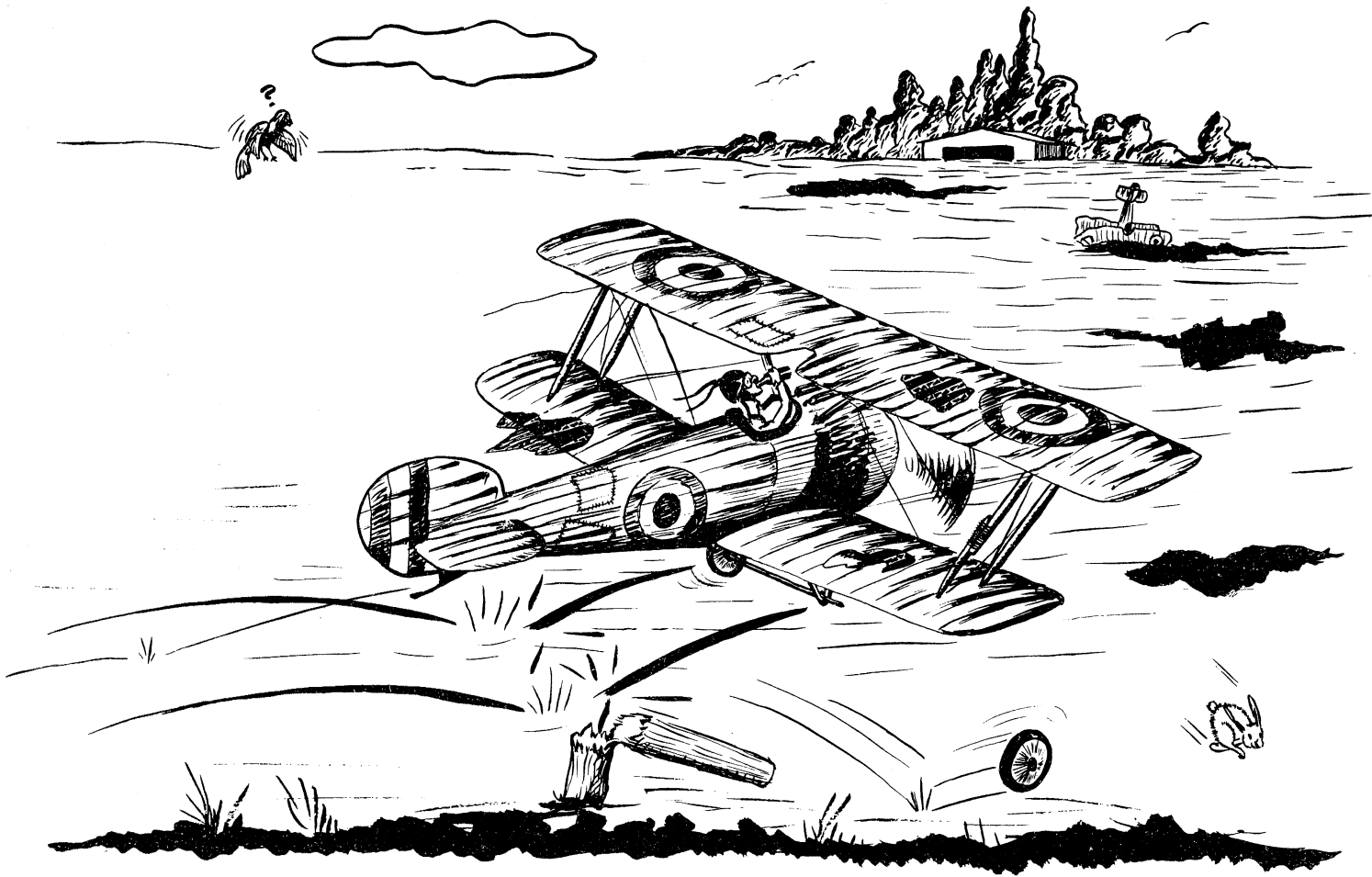
Down in the deep dugout,

I saw them,

Down in the deep dugout.



O, MOTHER, PUT UP THE GOLDEN STAR



*O, mother, put up your golden star,
Your son's going up in a Sop; *
The wings are weak, the ship's a freak,
She's got a rickety prop;
The motor's junk, the pilot's drunk,
He's sure to take a flop.
So, mother, put up your golden star,
Your son's going up in a Sop.*

** Sop is short for Sopwith, a boxkite of World War I.*

*From the Halls of Montezuma
To the shores of Tripoli,
We fight our country's battles,
On the land as on the sea.*

*Admiration of the Nation,
We're the finest ever seen,
And we glory in the title:
The United States Marine.*

*From the Pest Hole of Cavite
To the Ditch at Panama,
You will find them very needy
Of Marines. That's what we are.*

*We're the watch-dogs of a pile of coal,
Or we dig a magazine.
Though our job lots are quite manifold,
Who would not be a Marine?*

*Our flag's unfurled to every breeze,
From dawn to setting sun;
We've fought in every clime and place
Where we could take a gun.*

*In the snows of far-off northern lands,
And in sunny tropic scenes,
You will always find us on the job,
The United States Marines.*

*Here's health to you and to our corps,
Which we are proud to serve;
In many a strife we have fought for life
And never lost our nerve.*

*If the Army and the Navy
Ever look on Heaven's scenes,
They will find the streets are guarded
By the United States Marines.*



"THE GLIDER RIDERS"

Tune "The Man On the Flying Trapeze"

*One day I answered the popular call,
And got in the Army to be on the ball,
An Infantry outfit, foot-soldiers and all,
Is where they put me to train.
They gave me my basic at Camp Claiborne,
There I was happy and never forlorn,
Till one day they split us and made us Airborne,
But the pay was exactly the same.*

CHORUS

*Oh! Once I was happy, but now I'm Airborne,
Riding in gliders all tattered and torn,
The pilots are daring, all caution they scorn,
And the pay is exactly the same.*

*We glide through the air in our flying caboose,
Its actions are graceful just like a fat goose,
We hike on the pavement till our joints have come loose,
And the pay is exactly the same.*

*Once I was infantry, now I'm a dope,
Riding gliders attached to a rope,
Safety in landing is only a hope,
And the pay is exactly the same.*

*We glide through the air in a tactical state,
Jumping is useless, it's always too late,
No 'chute for the soldier who rides in a crate,
And the pay is exactly the same.*

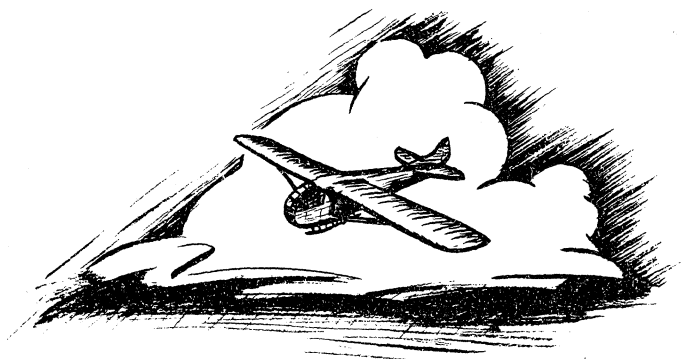
*We fight in fatigues, no fancy jump-suits,
No bright leather jackets, no polished jump boots,
We crash-land by glider without parachutes,
And the pay is exactly the same.*

*We glide through the air with "Jennie" the jeep,
Held on our laps, unable to leap,
If she breaks loose, our widows will weep,
And the pay is exactly the same.*

*We work in headquarters, we sit on a chair,
We figure our tactics and take to the air,
We fly over Jerry and drop in his lair,
And the pay is exactly the same.*

*We hike and we sweat, and we load and we lash,
We tie it down well just in case we should crash,
We take off and land and climb out like a flash,
And the pay is exactly the same.*

*We glide through the air with the greatest of ease,
We do a good job and we try hard to please,
The finance department we pester and tease,
And the pay is exactly the same.*



CHI CHI BLUES

*They sent me up the Chi Chi,
To look in the damned old bay.
They said there's not a damned thing,
To make you stay away.*

*The Army bombed the strip out,
With a hundred twenty nines,
The Navy fired ten million rounds,
They're dying on the vines.*

*Futami Ko was crowded,
With a dozen ships or more.
I thought if I could get me one,
I'd win the God Damned War.*

*I spied a pretty grey one,
Too small to have a gun.
I opened up my seaman's eye,
And started on my run.*

*The flak was black and close enough,
To read the bloody lable.
It said this is a damned old can,
And not a sugar able.*

*The US scrap fell in my lap,
All plainly marked for me.
I got my mother's Model A,
She hocked in thirty three.*

*Up came a pair of Oscars,
Manned by ready duty Japs.
My gunners recognized the planes,
And shot away my flaps.*

*I put on 60 inches,
For it doesn't hurt a snap.
The factory man had told me,
It was all a lot of crap.*

*The limits are Bologna,
Engine makers guarantee.
The tower is available,
In any emergency.*

*The stinking engines smoked and shook,
The fuel went out of sight.
Each time the cecos faltered,
My backside took a bite.*

*I got away from Chi Chi,
And the washers in the seat,
Were getting down to doughnut size,
When I got my final treat.*

*It's only scattered Alto cu,
You'll top it all at three.
That's how it was a month ago,
That's how it still must be.*

*When it grabs you at twelve thousand,
And throws you out at three,
That stinking hairy Alto cu,
My pink cards telling me.*

*I'm deaf and blind and crippled,
I hate the God damned air.
I couldn't see the finger hid,
Behind the Vought Corsair.*

*Next time they say it's Chi Chi,
I'll circle off Saipan.
Then turn my I-F-F off,
And take it like a man.*



ALOUETTE

CHORUS

*Alouette, gentille alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai.*

*Je te plumerai la tete, Je te plumerai la tete,
Et la tete, Et la tete, Alouette, Alouette, Ah!*

CHORUS

*Je te plumerai le cou, Je te plumerai le cou,
Et le cou, et la tete, Alouette, Alouette, Ah!*

CHORUS

(Repeat all previous verses in reverse order)

Je te plumerai les ailes, et le cou, etc.

CHORUS

Je te plumerai les pattes, et les ailes, etc.

CHORUS

Je te plumerai le dos, et les pattes, etc.

CHORUS

Je te plumerai la queue, et le dos, etc.

" Bon Soir , Ma Cherie "

Bon soir, ma cherie, comment allez-vous?

Bon soir, ma cherie, je vous aime beaucoup.

Avez-vous un fiance, ca ne fait rien—

Voulez-vous couchez avec moi ce soir—

Oui, combien?



I WANTED WINGS

*I wanted wings 'til I got the God damn things,
Now I don't want them any more.
They taught me to fly, then they brought me here to die,
I've had my belly full of war.*

*You can save all those Zeros for the God damn Hero's,
And distinguished flying crosses do not compensate for
losses,*

*I wanted wings 'til I got the God damn things,
Now I don't want them any more.*

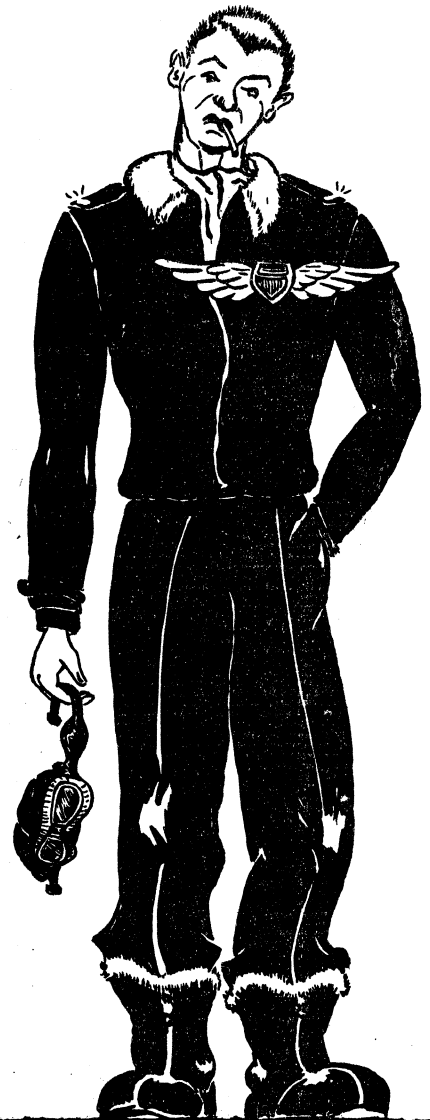
*I'll take the dames while the rest go down in flames,
I've no desire to be burned.
Air combat's no romance and it made me shit in my pants,
I am no fighter, I have learned.*

*You can leave the Mitsubishis for the crazy sons-a-bitches,
I would rather lay a woman than get shot up in a Grumman,
I wanted wings 'til I got the God damn things,
Now I don't want them any more.*


*I am too young to die in a God damn PBV,
That's for the eager, not for me.
I wouldn't trust my luck to be picked up in a duck,
After I've crashed into the sea.*

*I would rather be a bell hop than a flier on a flat top,
With my hand around a bottle not around a God damn
throttle.*

*I wanted wings 'til I got the God damn things,
Now I don't want them any more.*



"FIFTY BAKER TWENTY EIGHT"




*He was over Rabaul bombing,
When some "flak" got in his way,
And his engine coughed and sputtered,
And then called it a day.
He was gliding for the channel,
And was cursing at his fate,
When suddenly he remembered—
Fifty Baker Twenty Eight.*

*He opened up his R/T,
And he broadcast loud and clear,
"This plane of mine has it—
And the water's getting near.
I'm fifteen east of Cape Gazalle,
So please don't make me wait—
Just send me out the dumbo,
Fifty Baker Twenty Eight."*

*Till they saw the PV circling,
And its fighter escort too,
So that PBY came quickly,
As the PV's always do.*

*They took one look and landed,
And I'm happy to relate,
They got them all home safely,
Fifty Baker Twenty Eight.*



*Now remember this, you fighters,
And bombers large and small,
If ever you get shot up,
While bombing old Rabaul,
Just head off down the channel
And get some other "crate"
To yell like hell fo. "Dumbo"
Fifty Baker Twenty Eight.*

' ONLY AN OLD BEER BOTTLE '

*It was only an old beer bottle,
A-floating on the foam.
It was only an old beer bottle,
A thousand miles from home.
Inside was a piece of paper,
With these words written on,
"Whoever finds this bottle,
Finds the beer all gone."*



THE SAGA OF FORTY-FOUR

*There was a gathering of all the drunks
In the world that was no more,
They put them all together
And they called it Forty-Four.*

CHORUS

*Oh, drinking in the daytime,
Drinking in the night,
You can bet your bottom dollar
That they'd rather drink than fight.*

*Oh, the Skipper was a fighting man,
A drunkard through and through,
But if he was a drunkard,
Then what in hell's the crew—*

CHORUS

*The Exec he'd never drink aboard,
He was Navy through and through,
But when he got out on the beach,
He'd out-drink all the crew.*

CHORUS

*The Flight he was a handsome Swede,
He'd been across the "pond",
He'd been aboard a battleship,
But never aboard a blonde.*

CHORUS

*They sent them out to Midway Isle,
And there they found the fun,
They'd only just begun to fight,
When the Army chose to run.*

CHORUS

*The scuttlebutt was running rife,
The "States" almost in view,
But when they made their landfall,
The bastard was Ile Nou.*

CHORUS

*They sent them up to Santo,
To fly the long Patrols,
They met the Mitsubishi there,
Who shot them full of holes.*

CHORUS

*They thought they'd done their little part,
Their thought were turning home,
And then they found their destiny,
Was ever more to roam.*

CHORUS

*They picked up fighters and B-17's,
From Buka to Tona lei,
And still they sat and wondered why,
They're relief's not on the way.*

CHORUS

*But now at last they're headed home,
San Francisco here they come,
To see your pretty women,
And drink up all your Rum!*



*What you gonna do with a drunken sailor,
 What you gonna do with a drunken sailor,
 What you gonna do with a drunken sailor,
 Early in the morning.*

CHORUS

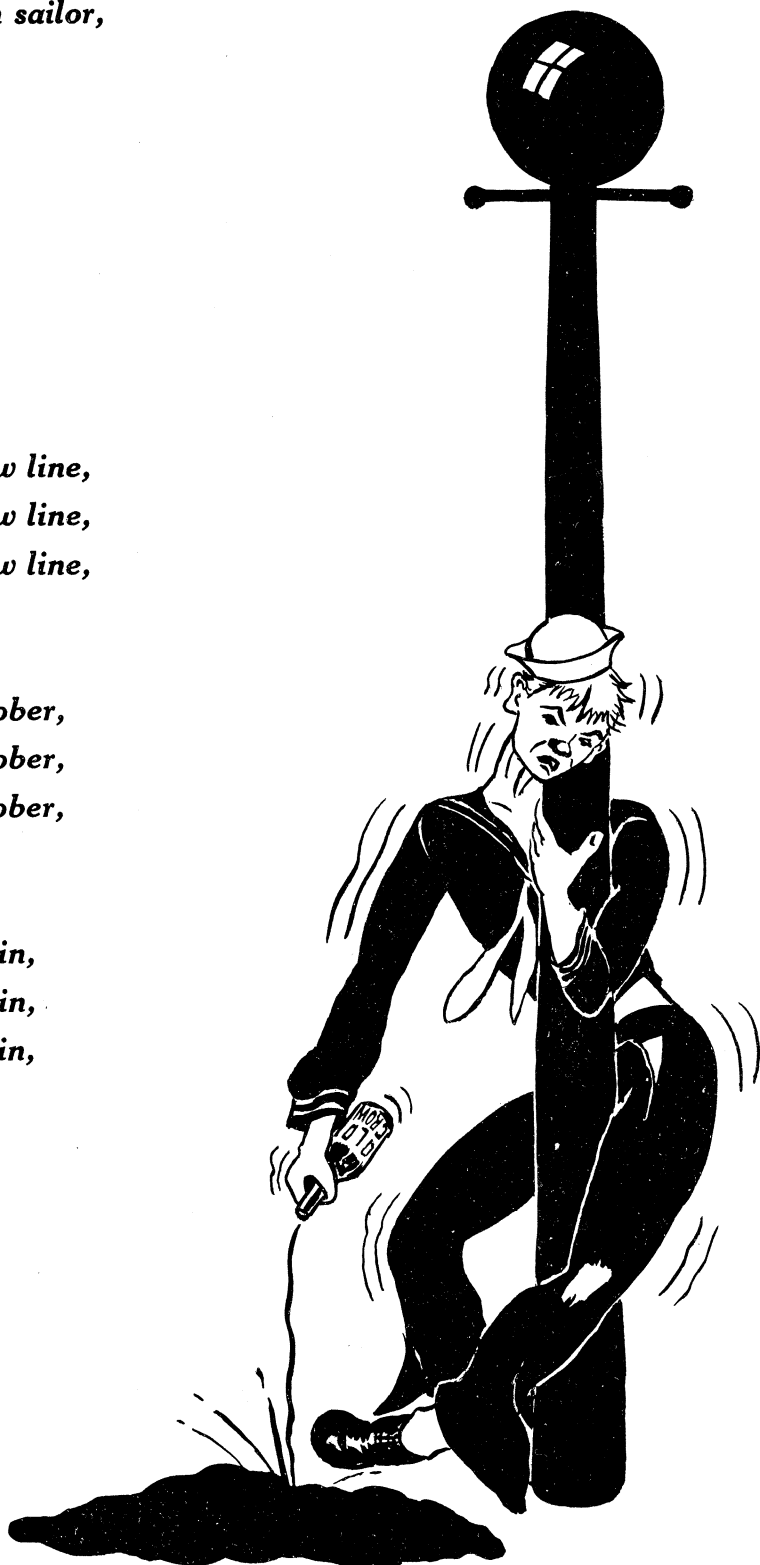
*High, high, up she rises,
 High, high, up she rises,
 High, high, up she rises,
 Early in the morning.*

*Histe him aboard with a runnin' bow line,
 Histe him aboard with a runnin' bow line,
 Histe him aboard with a runnin' bow line,
 Early in the morning.*

*Throw him in the brig 'til he gets sober,
 Throw him in the brig 'til he gets sober,
 Throw him in the brig 'til he gets sober,
 Early in the morning.*

*Bring him to mast before the Captain,
 Bring him to mast before the Captain,
 Bring him to mast before the Captain,
 Early in the morning.*

*Ten deep on bread and water,
 Ten deep on bread and water,
 Ten deep on bread and water,
 Early in the morning.*





COME ON JOIN THE AIR CORPS

*Come on and get promoted
As high as you desire,
You're ridin' on the gravy train
When you're an army flier.
But just when you're about to be
A gen-er-al you'll find,
That your engine coughs and your wings fall off,
But you will never mind.*

CHORUS

*Oh! Never mind,
Never mind, come on and join the Air Corps,
And you will never mind.*

*You're flyin' on your instruments,
Your hood is down and locked,
A mountain peak is dead ahead
About a half a block.
Your safety man is quite a guy,
He knows you're flyin' blind,
But with a shout he bails right out,
And you will never mind.*

CHORUS

*You're flyin' o'er the Langley,
A grey-haired ensign bold,
To set her down upon the deck,
Is just what you've been told.
You bring her round a proper height,
The flag man gives the sign,
But your goose is cooked, you have no hook,
And you will never mind.*

CHORUS

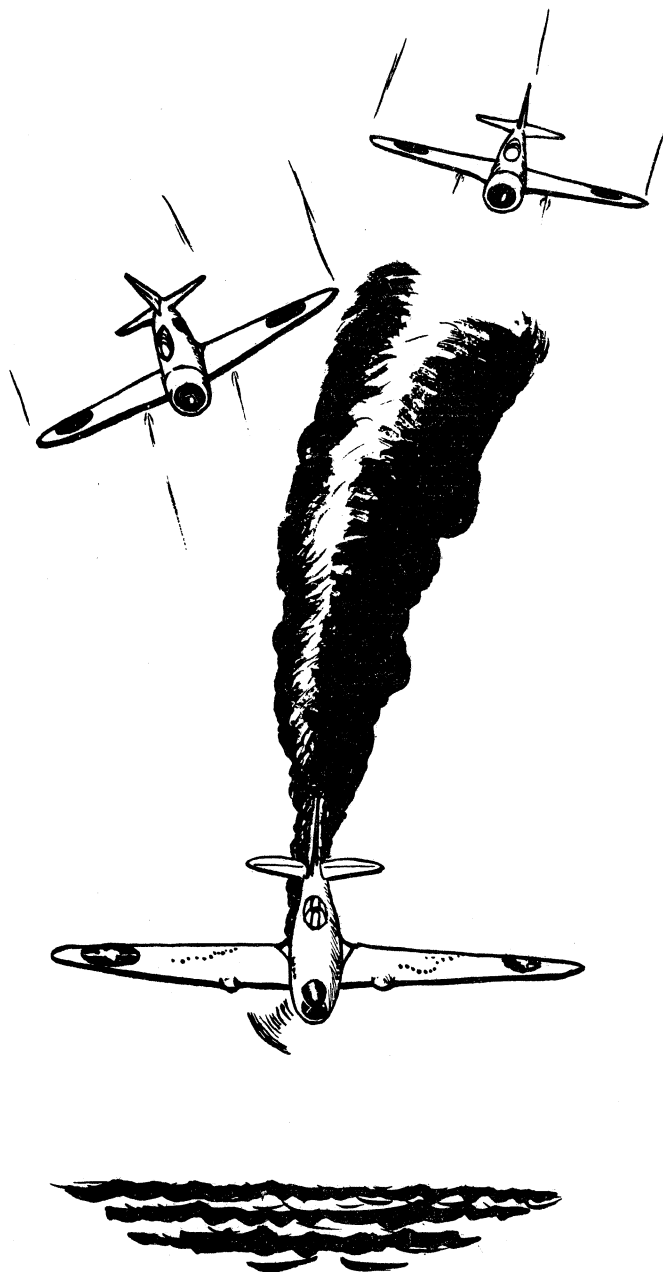
*Now if you meet a Zero,
And he shoots you down in flames,
Don't belly ache about your luck,
Or call the blighter names.
For in about ten seconds flat,
A happy home you'll find,
'Cause you'll meet Pete and the angels sweet,
And you will never mind.*

CHORUS

*You're flyin' o'er the ocean,
And then from where you sit,
You see your props come to a stop,
The engine she has quit.
You cannot swim, the plane won't float,
The shore is miles behind,
Oh, what a dish for crab and fish,
But you will never mind.*

CHORUS

*You're the naval aviators and quite a fancy crew,
But when the stuff
Gets rough and tough,
You'll join the Air Corps, too.
You'll can the salt and tar the gear,
Your sea legs leave behind,
Come on an' join the Air Corps
And you will never mind.*

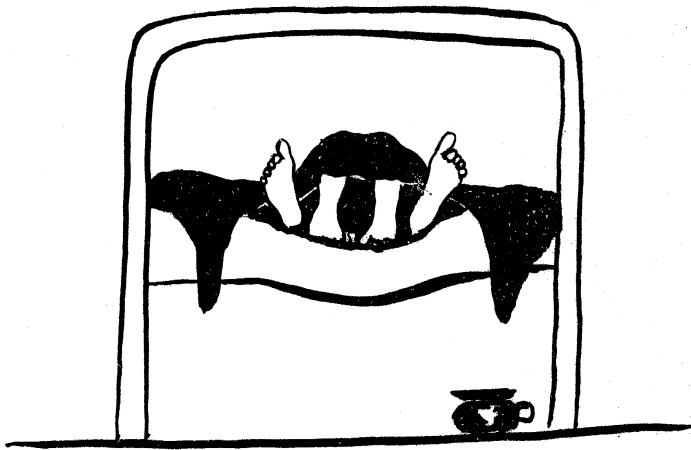


"THE RAGGEDY-ASSED CADETS"

*The raggedy-assed cadets are on parade, on parade,
The raggedy-assed cadets are on parade, on parade;
They joined the army for the air but they'll play hell a gettin'
there,
The raggedy-assed cadets are on parade, on parade.*

CHORUS

*Rolling on, rolling on,
By the light of the silvery moon.
A ha ha ha ha,
A ha ha ha ha,
The raggedy-assed cadets are on parade.*



"TAKE ME BACK TO THE MAINLAND"

Tune "Take Me Out To The Ball Game"

*Take me back to the Mainland,
Take me back there to stay.
I want to get into bed with my wife,
I'll stay there for the rest of my life.
I don't want any palm trees,
All I want is a lei, L-E-I,*
Honolulu's a sight,
But it's no place at night,
So take me away.*

** LEI not to be confused with lay.*



THE SKIERS VERSION

*I was a barmaid in a mountain inn,
And there I learned the wages of misery and sin.
Once there was a skier fresh from off the slopes,
He's the one who ruined me and shattered all my hopes.*

*SINGING 90 pounds of rucksack, a pound of grub or two,
He'll schuss the mountains like his daddy used to do.*

*He asked me for a candle to light his way to bed,
He asked me for a kerchief to cover up his head.
I like a foolish maid thinking it no harm,
Jumped into the skier's bed to keep the skier warm.*

*Early in the morning before the break of day,
He handed me a five note and with it he did say,
"Take this my darling for the damage I have done,
"You may have a daughter, you may have a son.
"Now if you have a daughter bounce her on your knee,
"And if you have a son, send the bastard out to ski."*

*The moral of this story as you can plainly see,
Is never trust a skier an inch above your knee.
For I trusted one, and now look at me,
I've got a son in the Mountain Infantry.*

MADemoisELLE FROM ARMENTIERES

*Mademoiselle from Armentieres parlezvous,
Mademoiselle from Armentieres parlezvous,
Mademoiselle from Armentieres,
She hasn't been kissed in forty years.
Hinky dinky parlezvous.*

*Mademoiselle all dressed in white, parlezvous,
Mademoiselle all dressed in white, parlezvous,
Mademoiselle all dressed in black,
'Cause her Yankee didn't come back.
Hinky dinky parlezvous.*

*The little marine he grew and grew, etc.
And now he's hugging and kissing 'em too, etc.*

*Froggie, have you a daughter fine? etc.
Fit for a marine just out of the line, etc.*

*O, oui, I have a daughter fine, etc.
But not for a Yankee just out of the line, etc.*

"HINKEY DINKEY"

Pacific Version

The girls say "no" or "dekimasen," parlez-vous,

The girls say "no" or "dekimasen," parlez-vous,

The girls say "no" or "dekimasen,"

Until they see a wad of Yen,

Hinkei, dinkei, parlez-vous.

At last we started out to sea, parlez-vous, etc. —

We didn't know how sick we'd be, etc.

We came to Pearl and sat and sat, parlez-vous, etc. —

And sat, and sat, and sat, and sat, etc.

They take us out to eat in a group, parlez-vous, etc. —

And even time us at our soup, etc.

They clock us when we go to the head, parlez-vous, etc. —

And even check on what we read, etc.

We've got to sign in on a sheet, parlez-vous, etc. —

To save the wear on Mashbir's feet, etc.

If you stop to talk to a guy, parlez-vous, etc. —

The Major gets that look in his eye, etc.

The checkers sit, red pencil in hand, parlez-vous, etc. —

And then rewrite every word they can, etc.

The department heads they call hanchō, parlez-vous, etc. —

But they don't pay them any more dough, etc.

BLESS 'EM ALL

Mortarman's Song

*We own the weapon that noboddy loves,
They say that our gun's a disgrace.
We come up 200 and 200 more, and it lands in the very same
place.
Now there's many a gunner a-blowin' his top,
Observers are all going mad,
But devotion has lasted for that pig-iron bastard,
The best gun the world ever had.
Bless 'em all, bless 'em all, shells heavy, big, light, and tall,
Bless high explosives and pull out the pin,
Check all your charges and drop the shell in.
For it's out of the gun with a wham,
Where it lands we don't give a damn.
For it's over or under, if it's on it's a wonder,
The life of a poor mortar man!*

Raider's Song

*We are the Raiders from old Quantico, headed for old Tokyo,
With special weapons to shoot up the town,
Japs will be lying around.
Where we are to go they say nobody knows,
Specially trained for a fight,
So don't get no notions and drink up your lotions,
C'mon and get into the fight!
Get your gun, get your gun, we've got Tojo's sons on the run,
Don't let them stop or they'll come back for more.
And when they come back then we'll really get sore.
Now they're saying good-bye to us all,
As back to their Emperor they crawl,
We'll drink all their sake and really go wacky,
So line up your sights, make ' fall!*

USS Fayette

*We ride in the vessel the Japs wouldn't have,
They call it the USS Fayette,
They put us in bull pens and turn on the steam,
And get all our clothes wringing wet.
Now there's many a gyrene a-sweatin' away,
His uniform reeks of B. O.
It is our position by naval tradition,
To sleep with the cattle below.
Bless 'em all, bless 'em all, those pelican lads got their gall,
Bless regulations that glare in your face,
Pelicans only can sit in this place.
Now our deck space is just two by four,
Each day they keep roping off more,
Their reason why, is the paint isn't dry,
Where the swabbies had spat on the floor.*

Paramarines

*Now the paramarines, those high-priced gyrenes,
Spent many a month on their ass.
A-shining their boots up and lookin' tough,
And polishing up all their brass.
Now they took hill 1000 with great opposition,
The lone sniper already dead,
A cocoanut tumbled from out of a tree,
And conked him cold on the head.
Bless 'em all, bless 'em all, they ain't got no chow 'atall.
They asked for some transports to drop it by 'chute,
Which Nipponese, Seabees, and Raiders did loot,
For it landed in front of their line —
They said, "It's too hot at this time.
There's 'chutes in the banyans 'way down in the canyons,
But we're trigger-happy," they pined.*

THRU THIS
PORTAL PASS
THE WORLD'S
BEST SAILORS



NAVY CHAIR CORPS SONG

Tune "Army Air Corps" (Force)

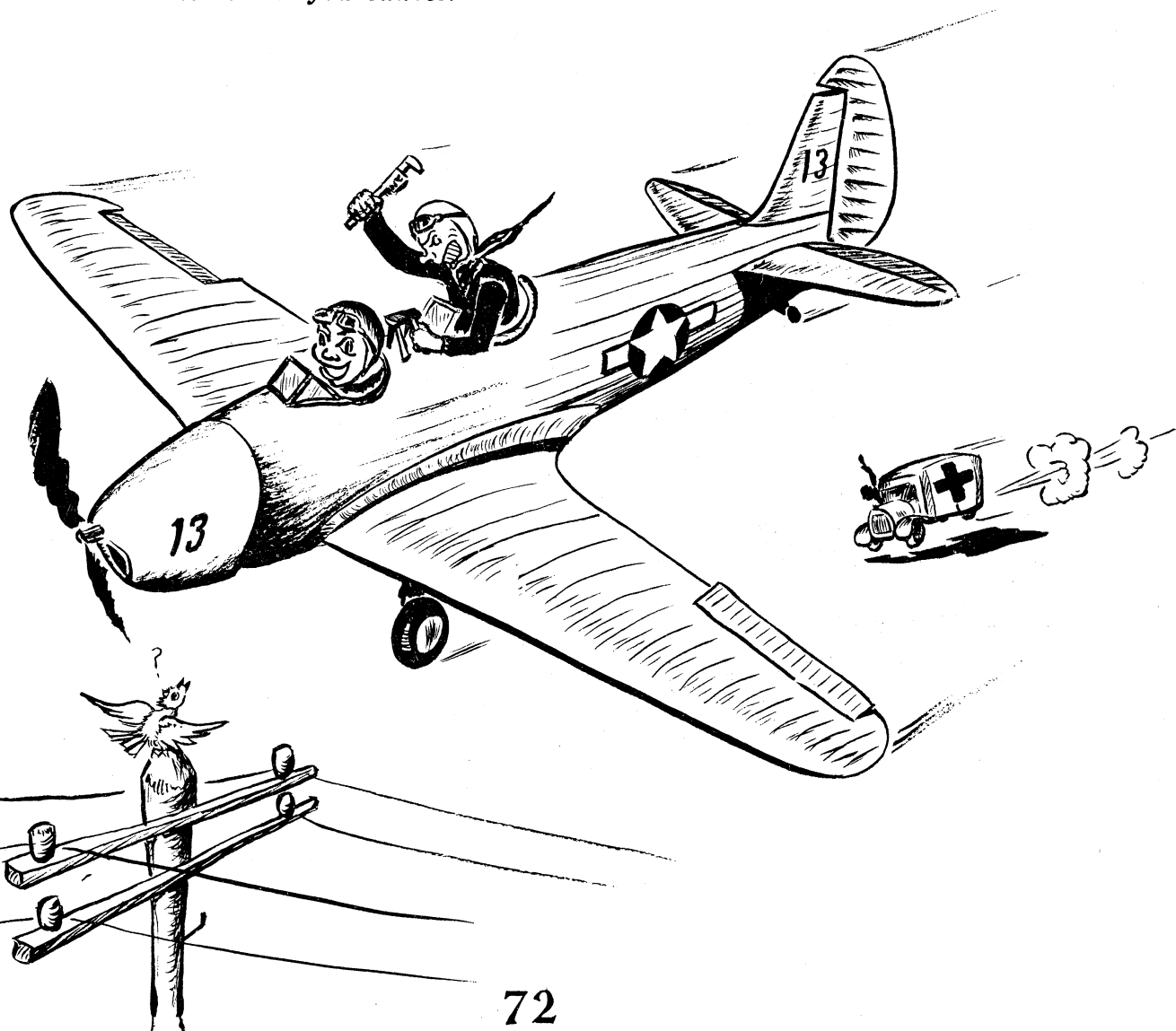
*Here we go, into the file case yonder,
Diving deep into the drawer,
Here it is, buried away down under,
That SNAFUed stuff we've been searching for.
Off we go, into the CO's office,
Where we get one helluva roar.
We live in miles of paper files,
But nothing will stop the Navy Chair Corps.*

*Here we go, into the file case yonder,
Keep the margins level and true,
If you'd live to be a gray-haired wonder,
Keep your nose out of the glue.
Office men, guarding the Navy's red tape,
We'll be there, followed by more,
With dictionary, stationery,
Nothing can move the Navy Chair Corps.*

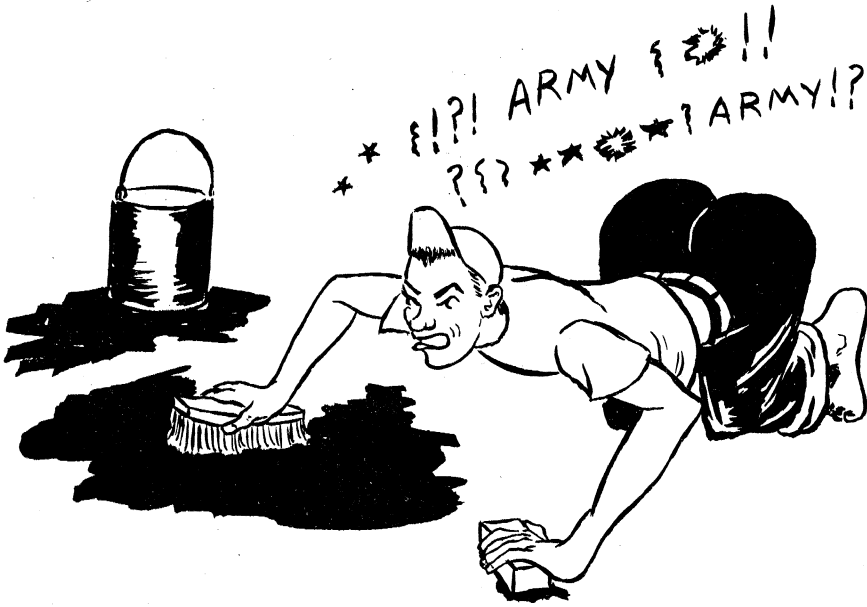
"MY WILD-EYED CADET"

Tune "My Wild Irish Rose"

*My wild-eyed cadet, he ain't learned nothin' yet,
He noses her down, when close to the ground,
My wild-eyed cadet!
He slips in his banks, if he lives, we'll all give thanks,
I hear drums beating low, and men marching slow,
Behind wild-eyed cadets.*



KAY PEE MARCHING SONG



*Over sinks, over pails, with the sergeant on our tails,
All the KP's are scrubbing along,
Shining pots, shining pans, cleaning out the garbagecans,
All the KP's are scrubbing along.
Oh, it's hi, hi, hee, in the kitchen scullery,
Sixteen long hours of the day.
And where we go, by our smell you'll know,
That the KP's are scrubbing along,
That the KP's are scrubbing along.
Peeling spuds, washing peas, scouring floors on hands and knees,
All the KP's are scrubbing along,
Stoking fires, hauling coals, 'til there's murder in our souls,
All the KP's are scrubbing along.
Oh, it's hard to sing, when you're scrubbing everything,
Sinatra should try it for a day,
And where we go, by our smell you'll know,
That the KP's are scrubbing along.*

Tune "Field Artillery Song"



THE RADICMAN'S LAMENT

Tune "The Man On the Flying Trapeze"

*Oh, once I was happy but now I'm a wreck,
I put in four months as a radio tech,
And waded thru snow from my toes to my neck,
Give ear while an ROM speaks.*

*Oh, I fly thru the air in a B-24,
It's loaded with looies and sergeants galore,
But I'm just a plain PFC.
I sit and I sit in my radio shack,
The pilot's in front and the gunner's in back,
Who dodges bullets when Zeros attack?
And yet I'm a plain PFC.*

*Oh, I fly thru the air in a B-17,
The pilot is 20, the gunner's 19,
And I'm 26 and wherever I'm seen,
I'm still just a plain PFC.
Oh, one day I know, at some not distant date,
A bullet will up thru my third vertebrate,
And when I report at that heavenly gate,
I'll still be a plain PFC.*

'LILY FROM PICCADILLY'

*I took a trip to London,
To look around the town.
When I got to Piccadilly,
The sun was going down.
I never saw such darkness,
The night was black as pitch.
When suddenly, in front of me,
I thought I saw a witch.*

CHORUS

*Oh, it was Lily, from Picadilly,
You know the one I mean.
I spend each pay-day, that's my hey-hey day,
With Lily, my blackout queen.*

*I never saw her figure,
I never saw her face.
But if I ever met her,
I'd know her anyplace.
I couldn't tell if she was,
A blonde or a brunette,
But gosh, oh gee, did she give me,
A thrill I can't forget!*

*They sing of Dirty Gertie,
And Mademoiselle in French,
But give me a commando,
In a foxhole or a trench.
And in the heat of battle,
You'll find me happy there:
A Piccadilly Lily,
Is a treat beyond compare.*

*Now when my children ask me,
"Please tell us, Daddy, dear.
What did you do to win the war?"
I'll answer with a sneer:
"Your father was a hero,
His best he always fought.
With bravery, he gave to the
Commandos his support."*



BESIDE THE BREWERY AT ST. MIHIEL

Beside the Brewery at St. Mihiel

One bleak November day,

Beneath a busted D. H. 4

A brave young pilot lay.

His arms and legs were shattered.

The tank had conked his head.

We all knew he was going west,

But e're he died he said.

"Oh, I'm going to a better land,

They souse there every night,

Where cocktails grow on crabapple trees,

And every one stays tight.

Where bugles never blow at all,

Where no one winds the clocks,

And drops of Johnnie Walker,

Come trickling down the rocks."

The brave young lad was bouncing off,

But as he passed away,

We saw his lips were moving,

"My friends, it was this way.

The goddamned motor wouldn't hit,

The struts were far too few,

A tracer hit the gas tank,

And the flamin' juice came through."

"Oh, I'm going to a better land,

Where motors always run,

Where housewives hand out juleps,

And pilots grow a bun.

Where they've got no Sops, no Spads, no Sals,

And not a bloody flamin' four,

And absinth frappes, sool and stout,

Are served at every store."

"BLOW THE MAN DOWN"

*Come all you young fellows that follow the sea,
To me way — aye, blow the man down!
Now pray pay attention and listen to me,
Give me some time to blow the man down.*

*I'm a deep-water sailor just come from Hong Kong,
If you'll give me some whiskey I'll sing you a song.*

*On a trim Black Ball liner I first served my time,
And on the Black Baller I wasted my prime.*

*If when a Black Baller's preparing for sea,
You'd split your sides laughing the sights you would see.*

*And the tinkers and tailors and soldiers and all,
For you'll seldom find sailors aboard a Black Ball.*

*'Tis when the Black Baller is clear of the land,
The crew musters aft at the word of command.*

*Lay aft, is the cry, to the break of the poop,
Or I'll help you along with the toe of my foot.*

*Pay attention to orders, now you one and all,
For see, right above you there flies the Black Ball.*

*'Tis larboard and starboard on deck you will sprawl,
For Kicking Jack Williams commands that Black Ball.*



VIVE L'AMOUR

*Let ev'ry good fellow now fill up his glass,
Vive la compagnie!
And drink to the health of our glorious class.*

CHORUS

*Vive la compagnie!
Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour;
Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour!
Vive l'amour! vive l'amour!
Vive la compagnie!*

*Let every married man drink to his wife,
Vive la compagnie!
The joy of his bosom and plague of his life.*

CHORUS

*Come, fill up your glasses; I'll give you a toast,
Vive la compagnie!
Here's a health to our friend our kind worthy host.*

CHORUS

*Since all with good humour you've toasted so free,
Vive la compagnie!
I hope it will please you to drink now with me.*

" THE MERMAID "

*'Twas Friday morn when we set sail,
And we were not far from the land,
When the Captain he spied a lovely mermaid,
With a comb and a glass in her hand, her hand, her hand,
With a comb and a glass in her hand.*

CHORUS

*Oh! the ocean wave may roll,
And the stormy winds may blow,
While we jolly sailors go skipping to the tops,
And the landlubbers lying down below, below, below,
And the landlubbers lying down below.*

*Then up spake the Captain of our gallant ship,
And a wellspoken man was he,
"I have married me a wife in Salem town,
And tonight she a widow will be, will be, will be,
And tonight she a widow will be."*

*Then up spake the cook of our gallant ship,
And a fat old cook was he;
"I care much more for my kettles and my pots,
Than I do for the depths of the sea."*

*Then out spake the boy of our gallant ship,
And a well-spoken ladie was he;
"I've a father and mother in Boston city,
But tonight they childless will be."*

*"Oh, the moon shines bright and the stars give light,
Oh, my mammy she'll be looking for me;
She may look, she may weep, she may look to the deep,
She may look to the bottom of the sea."*

*Then three times around went our gallant ship,
And three times around went she,
Then three times around went our gallant ship,
And she sank to the depths of the sea.*



BIBLE STORIES

(Tune: "Son of a Gambolier")

*Oh, Adam was the first man and Eve she was his spouse,
They lived in the Garden of Eden and started keeping house;
Everything was fine, they were happy in the main,
Until they had a little son, and started raising Cain.*

CHORUS

*Come young folks, come old folks, yes everybody come,
Come to my Sunday School and make yourselves to hum;
Please to park your chewing gum and razors at the door,
And you'll hear some Bible Stories that you never heard before.*

*Oh, Jonah was a traveler, so runs the Bible tale,
He took a steerage passage in a Transatlantic Whale;
The whale he got excited, and Jonah got depressed,
So Jonah pressed the button, and the whale he did the rest.*

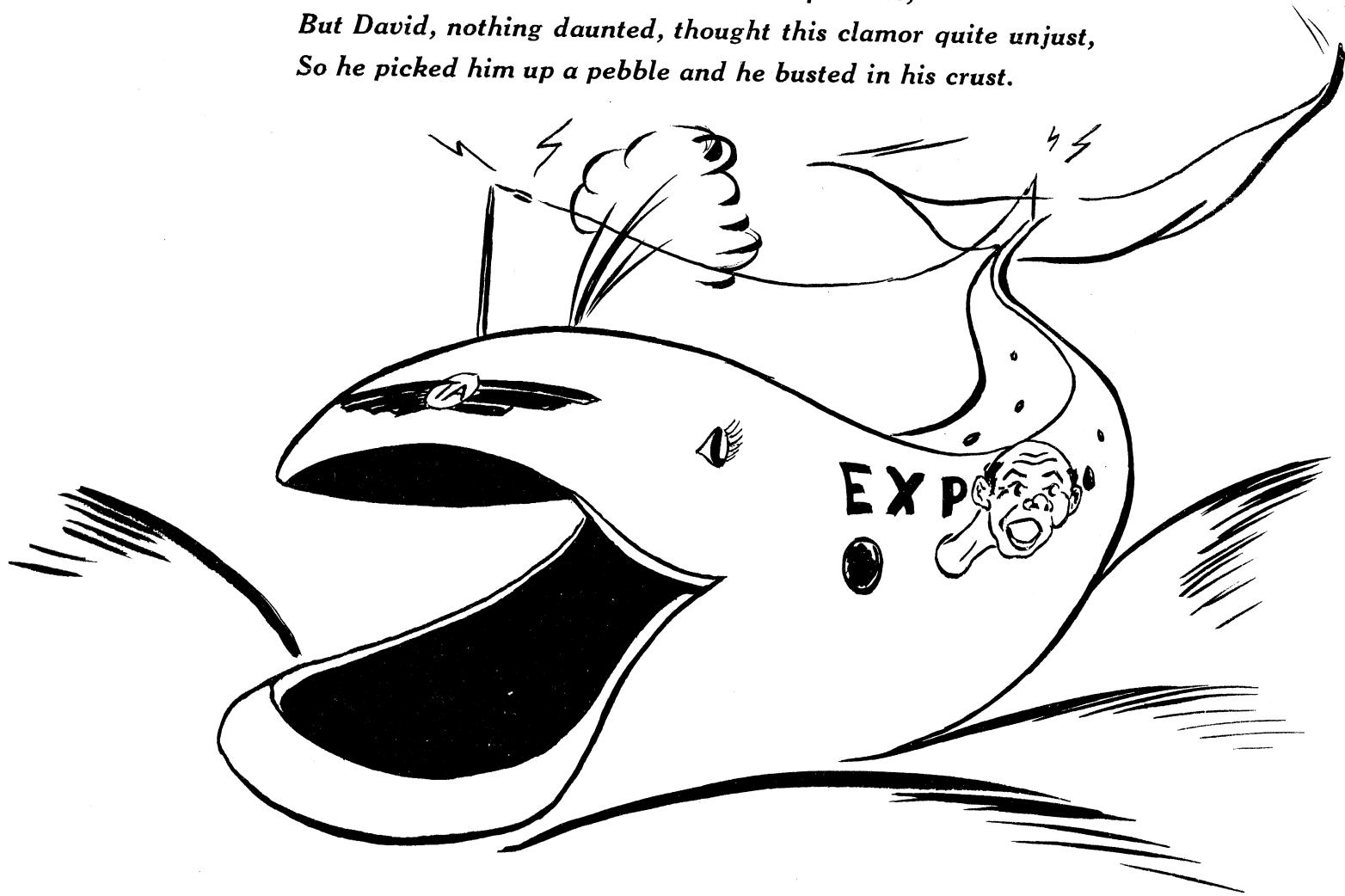
*Oh, Daniel was a naughty man who wouldn't mind the King,
The King got mad and said he wouldn't stand for such a thing,
He threw him down a manhole with the lions underneath,
But Daniel was a dentist and he pulled the lions' teeth.*

*Oh, Esau was a cowboy of wild and wooly make,
His father left him all his land and none to brother Jake;
But Esau somehow seemed to think the title wasn't clear,
So he sold it all to Jacob for a sandwich and a beer.*

*Oh, Methuselah lived on and on, they thought he'd never drop,
His children all had children and still they called him "Pop";
He spanked 'em all and put 'em to bed at the age of ninety-five,
And if they hadn't bumped him off he'd still be yet alive.*

*Oh, Pharaoh was the maker of Egyptian cigarettes,
He never paid no wages, so he never had no debts;
But Moses was a delegate who put them all on strike,
So they gathered all the cash in sight and dusted down the pike.*

*Oh, David was a little man, an awful scrappy cuss,
Along came great Goliath and started up a fuss,
But David, nothing daunted, thought this clamor quite unjust,
So he picked him up a pebble and he busted in his crust.*



"GOOD GIRL"

*I find it just as hard to be naughty,
As other girls do to be good,
And even on the Sunday School picnic,
No one asks me to walk in the wood.
These novels and stories I'm reading,
Tell of such pleasures divine,
But how can a girl be naughty,
With a goddamn face like mine?*

"YOU WILL COME BACK"

*You will come back when the elephants roost in the trees,
You will come back when the birds make love to the bees,
When the Summer sun refuses to shine,
And Mr. President Taft is a cousin of mine,
You will come back when the fish walk around on two feet,
And promenade up and down Forty Second Street.
When the Winter snow turns from white into blue,
Honey, you will come back to me.*

But only maybe I'll come back to you.



WASHBOARD BLUES

*Coney Island washboard she would play,
You could hear her on the boardwalk every day.
The little bubbles all around
And the soapsuds on the ground,
Rub-a-dub-a-dub
In her little tub
All these tunes she found.*

*The little thimbles on her fingers made the noise,
She played the "Charleston" on the laundry for the boys;
She could rag a tune right straight through the knees
Of a brand-new suit of B-V-D's
Coney Island washboard, 'round the bay.*

"MY MONEY MAKING FAMILY"

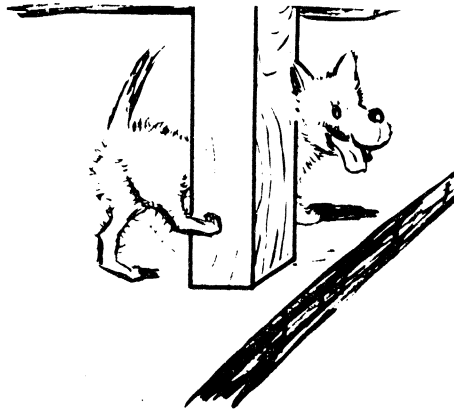
Tune "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean"

*My mother makes snow-balls for snow-birds,
My father brews synthetic gin,
My sister sells love on the corner,
My God, how the money rolls in.*

CHORUS

*Rolls in, rolls in,
My God, how the money rolls in, rolls in;
Rolls in, rolls in,
My God, how the money rolls in.*

*My grandfather pimps for a cat-house,
With never a feeling of sin,
Dear Grandma makes dough as the madame,
My God, how the money rolls in.*



Mary Ann's

Let's all go down to Mary, Mary Ann's,

Tickle a tune upon the pianola,

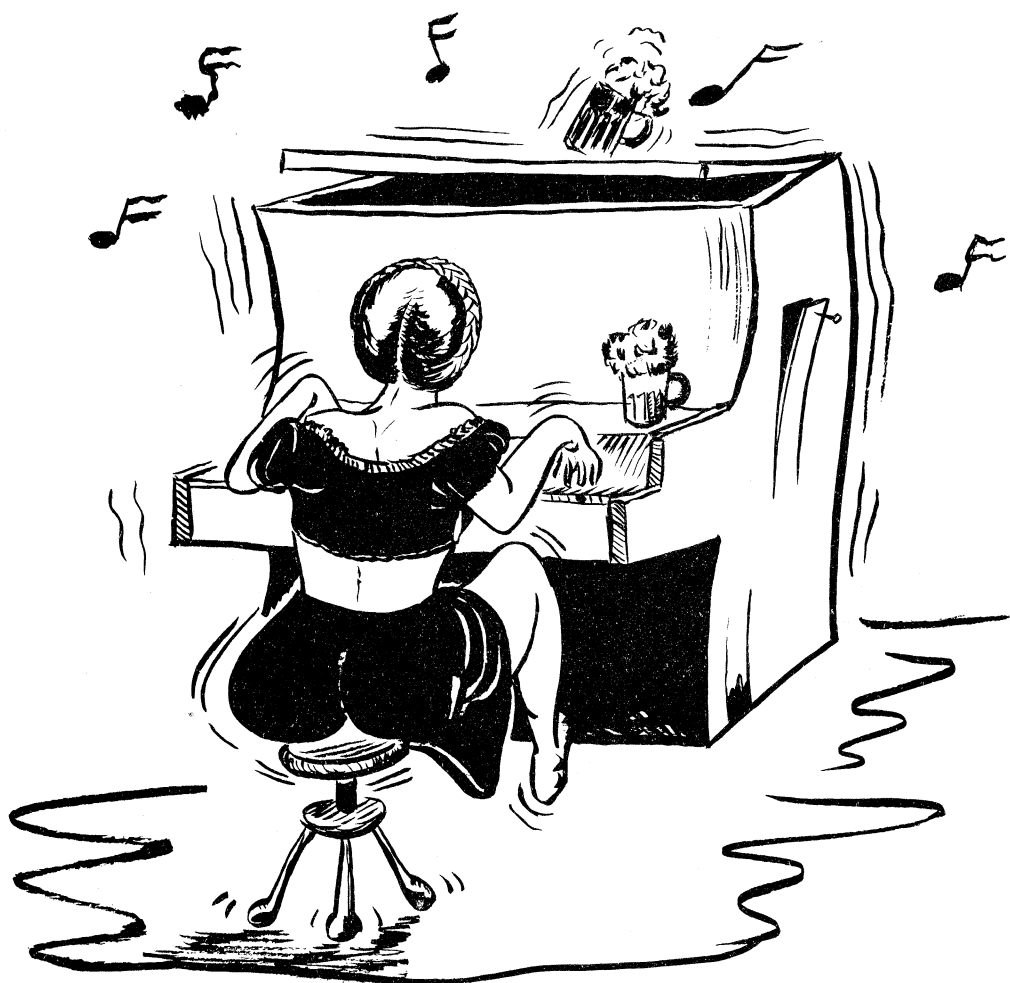
There's always something nice, waiting on the ice,

You never have to ask for a drink of coca-cola.

Her front door is never, never locked,

You never know what time it is, the hands are off the clock,

So we won't be home until morning—from down at Mary Ann's.



"CONEY ISLAND BABY"

*Good-bye, my Coney Island baby,
Farewell, my own true love.
I'm gwine to go away and leave you—
Never see you any more.*

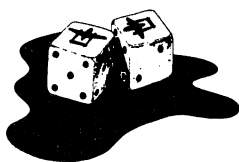
*I'm gwine to hop aboard that ferry boat,
Never to return again—
Good-bye,
So long,
Farewell, forever.
Good-bye, my Coney Island babe.*





RAGGED BUT RIGHT

*I just called up to tell yuh that I'm ragged but right,
A gamblin' and a ramblin' woman,
Drunk every night.
I eat a porterhouse steak three times a day for my board,
That's more than any ordinary girl can afford!
I got a big 'lectric fan to keep me cool when I eat,
A big handsome man to play around with my feet,
I'm a ramblin' woman, a gamblin' woman, I'm drunk every night,
I just called up to tell yuh that I'm ragged but right.*



THE GREAT SHIP TITANIC

*Oh, they built the ship Titanic,
And when they were through,
They said they had a ship,
That the water would never get through,
But the Lord with his mighty hand,
Said the ship would never stand,
It was sad when that great ship went down.*

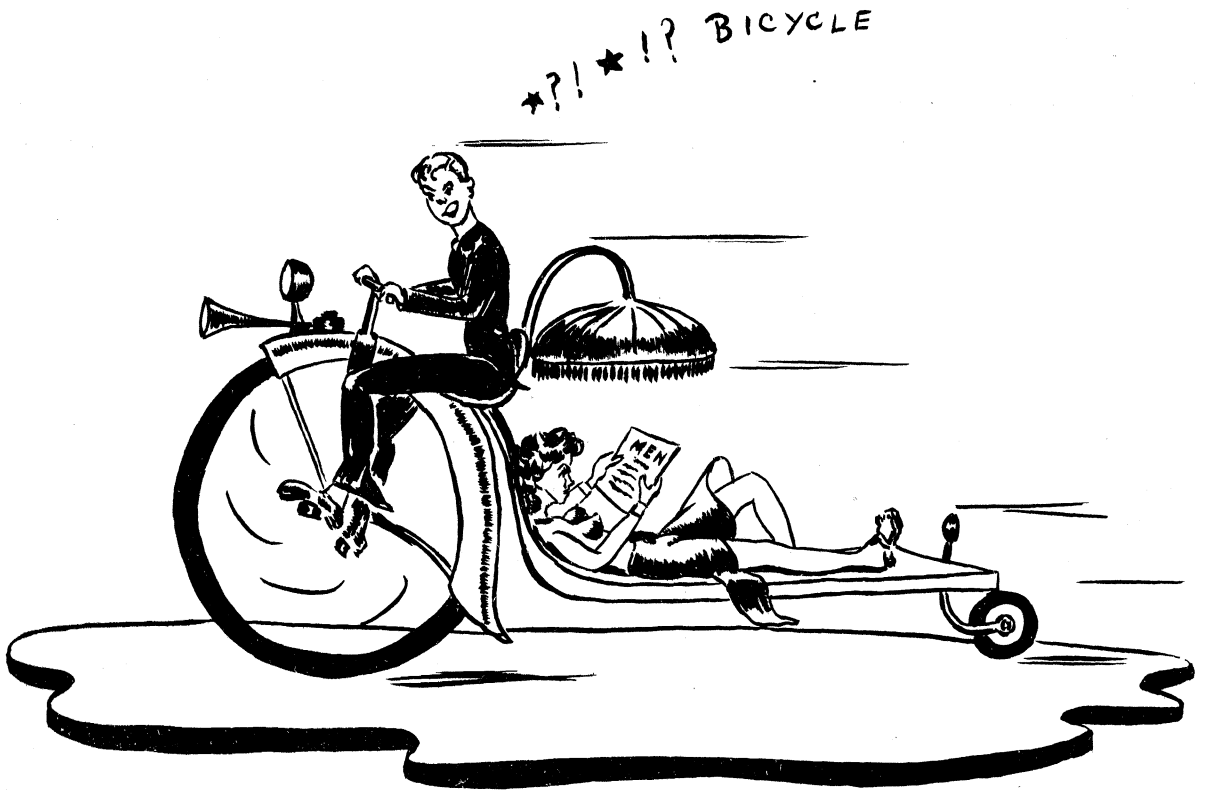
CHORUS

*It was sad, mighty sad,
It was sad when that great ship went down,
To the bottom of the —
Husbands and wives,
Little kiddies lost their lives,
It was sad when that great ship went down.*

*Oh, they were nearing England,
And approaching close to shore,
When the rich refused to associate with the poor,
So they put them down below,
Where they were the first to go,
It was sad when that great ship went down.*

CHORUS

*Oh, they put the life-boats out,
In the cruel and raging sea,
And the band struck up with
Nearer My God to Thee.
The children wept and cried,
As the water poured inside,
It was sad when that great ship went down.*



“BICYCLE BUILT FOR TWO”

*Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer true, I'm half crazy for the
love of you,*

*It won't be a stylish marriage; I can't afford a carriage,
But you'd look sweet upon the seat of a bicycle built for two.*

*Michael, Michael, here is your answer, dear. I won't cycle, it
makes me feel too queer,*

*If you can't afford a carriage, there won't be any marriage,
For I'll be damned if I'll be crammed on a bicycle built for two.*

“ROLL OUT THE BARREL”

Roll out the barrel, we'll have a barrel of fun.

Roll out the barrel, we've got the blues on the run.

Zing! Boom! Ta — rarrel! Ring out a song of good cheer,

Now's the time to roll the barrel, for the gang's all here!



"A MAN WITHOUT A WOMAN"

As Sung by Susie



*A man without a woman is like a ship without a sail,
A cat without a whisker, a kite without a tail.
So listen, mah honey, won't you listen to me
Cause I would have you to understand,
That if there's one thing worse in this universe,
It's a woman, I say a woman, a pretty woman without a man.
You can take a silver dollar, and throw it on the ground,
And it will ro-o-oll, ro-o-oll.
But a woman never knows what a good man she's got
Until he turns her dow-ow-own.
Now listen, my honey, won't you listen to me
Cause I would have you to understand,
That as a dollar goes from hand to hand, a woman goes from
man to man.
In a taxi??
A woman goes from man to man
Down at Gimbles??
A woman goes from man to man.*

THE FOGGY, FOGGY DEW

*Oh, I am a weaver and I live all alone,
And I work at the weavers' trade;
And the only, only thing I ever did wrong,
Was to woo a fair young maid.*

*I wooed her in the summer time, part of the winter, too,
And there were many, many times
That I held her in my arms,
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.*

*One night she came to my bedside
When I was fast asleep.
Oh, that pretty little maid came to my bedside,
And there began to weep.*

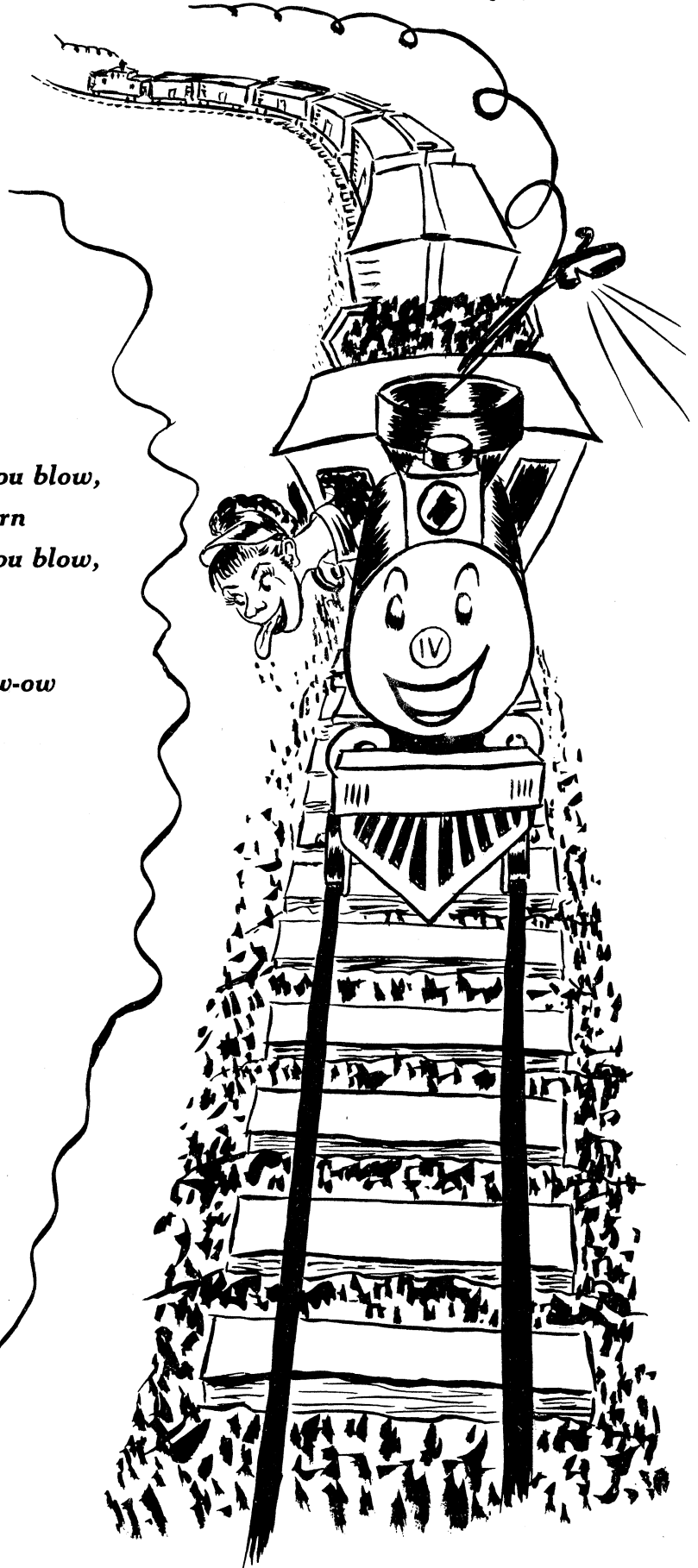
*She wept, she cried, she damn near died,
Alas, what could I do? So come cuddle into bed
To that pretty maid I said
And I'll keep you from the foggy, foggy dew.*

*Now I am a bachelor and I live with my son,
And we work at the weavers' trade.
And every time that I look into his eyes,
He reminds me of that fair young maid.
They remind me of the summer time,
Part of the winter, too;
Of the many, many times I held her in my arms,
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.*

"I'VE BEEN WORKIN' ON THE RAILROAD"

*I've been workin' on the railroad,
All the live-long day.
I've been workin' on the railroad,
Just to pass the time away.
Don't you hear the whistle tooting?
Rise up so early in the morn;
Don't you hear the foreman shouting?
Dinah, blow your horn.*

*Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah, won't you blow,
Dinah, won't you blow your horn-orn-orn
Dinah, won't you blow, Dinah, won't you blow,
Dinah, won't you blow your horn.
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah
Someone's in the kitchen, I know-ow-ow-ow
Someone's in the kitchen with Dinah
Strummin' on the old banjo.
Fe Fi Fiddlie-i-o
Fe Fi Fiddle-i-oh oh oh oh
Fe Fi Fiddlie-i-o
Strummin' on the old banjo.*



LOVE, OH LOVE, OH CARELESS LOVE

As Sung by Dick

*Oh love, Oh love, Oh careless love,
Oh love, Oh love, Oh careless love,
Oh love, Oh love, Oh careless love,
Just see what careless love has done to me.*

*Oh, now my apron strings won't pin,
Oh, now my apron strings won't pin,
Oh, now my apron strings won't pin,
You pass my gate but you don't come in.*

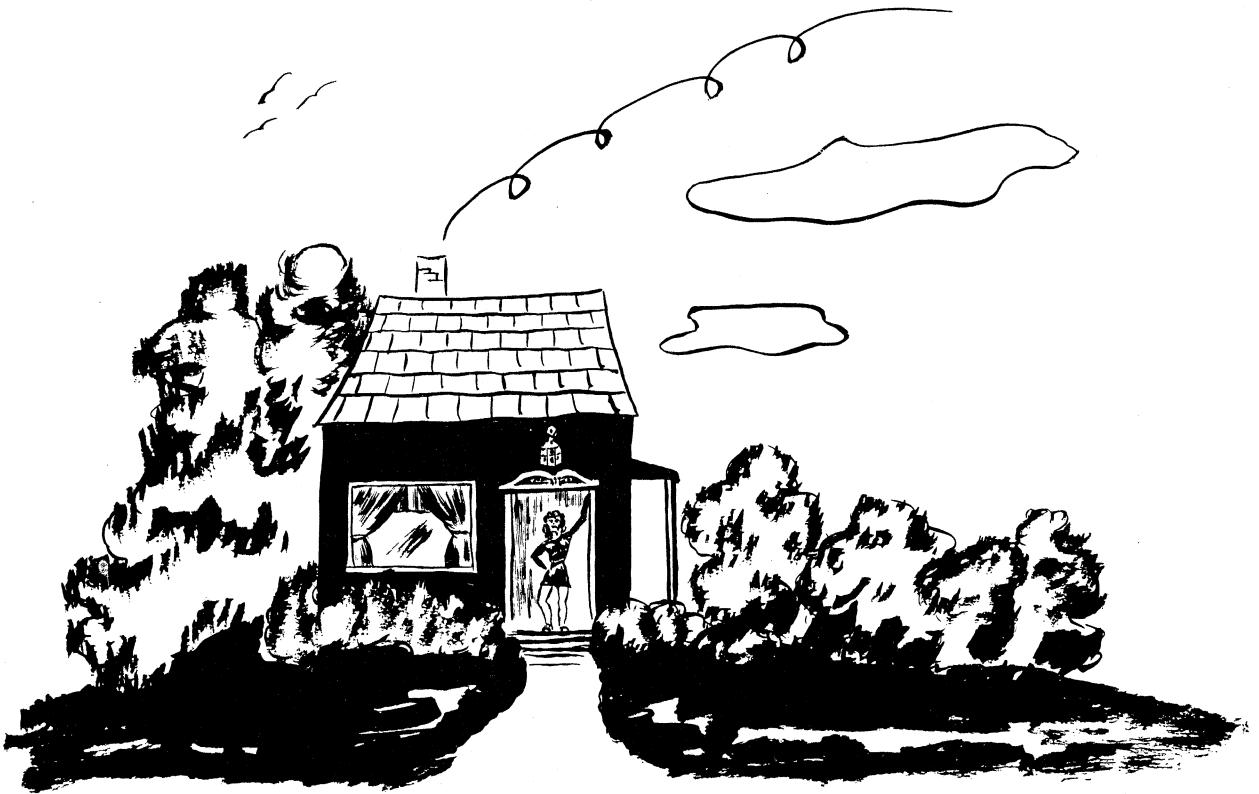
*You pass my gate and you won't come in,
You pass my gate and you won't come in,
You pass my gate and you won't come in,
But you can't pass my thirty eight.*

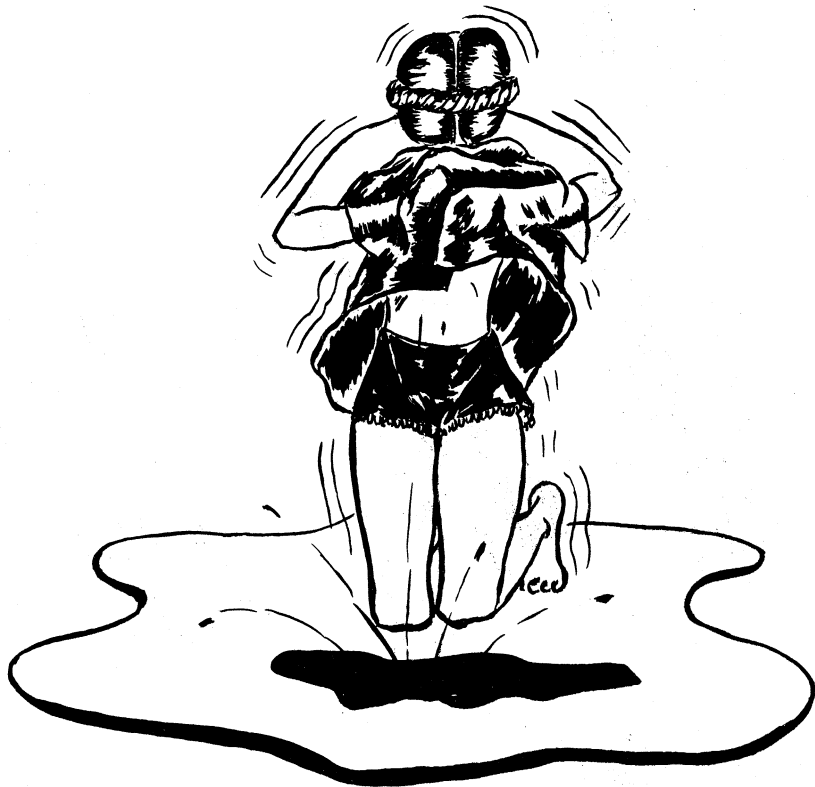
*I wonder what my mother would say,
I wonder what my mother would say,
I wonder what my mother would say,
If she knew I was in a family way.*

*She'd wring her hands and bite her tongue,
She'd wring her hands and bite her tongue,
She'd wring her hands and bite her tongue,
And say, "I did the same thing when I was young."*

The Fascinating Bitch

*I wish I were a fascinating bitch,
I'd never be poor, I'd always be rich,
I'd live in a house with a little red light,
And I'd sleep all day and work all night.
And once in a while I'd take a day off,
Just to drive my customers wild.
I wish I were a fascinating bitch,
Instead of a legitimate child.*





MORE TO BE PITIED

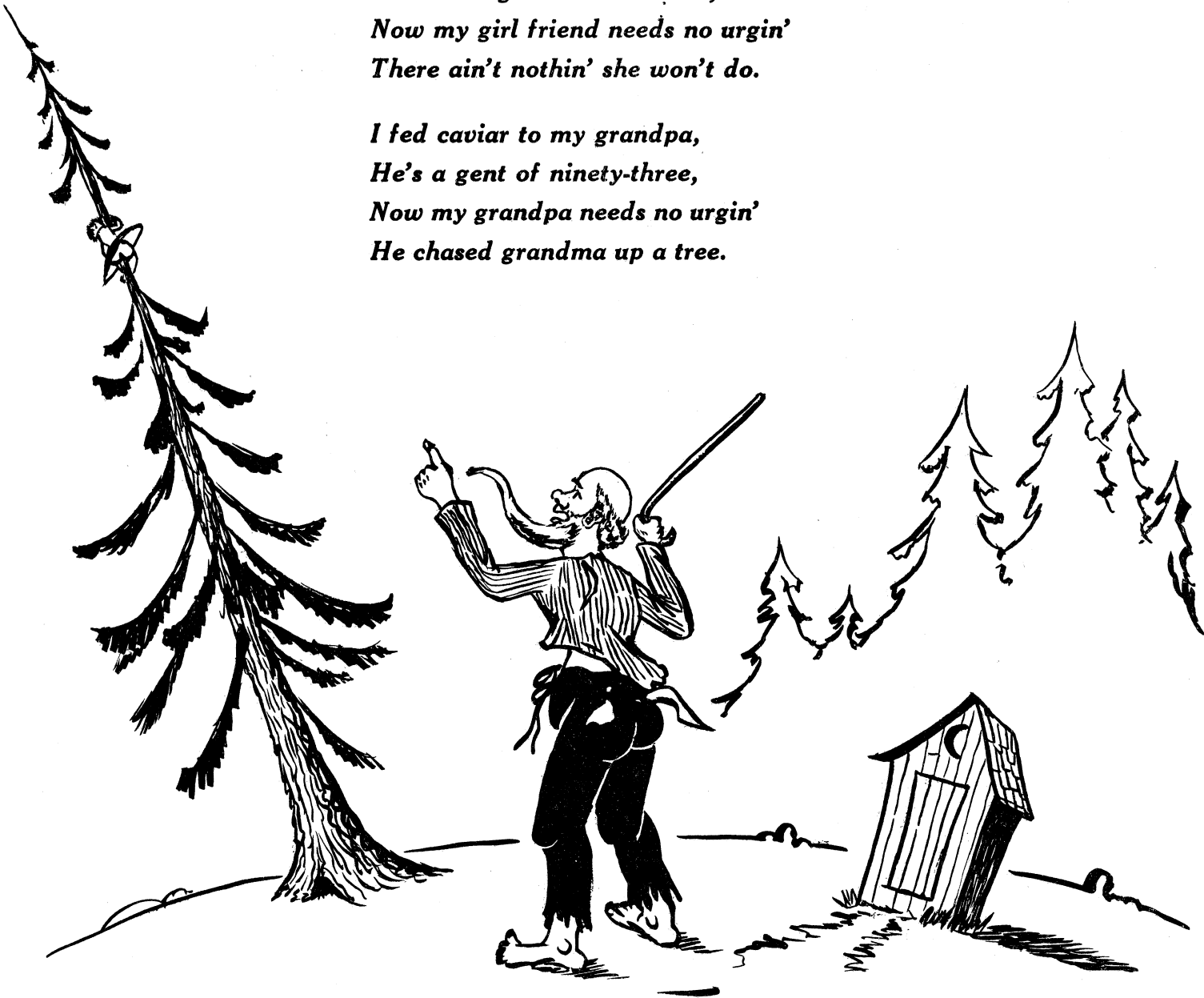
*She is more to be pitied than censured,
She is more to be helped than despised,
She is only a lassie who ventured
On Life's stormy path ill advised.
Do not scorn her with words fierce and bitter,
Do not laugh at her shame and downfall,
For a moment just stop and consider,
That a man was the cause of it all.*

" VIRGIN STURGEON "

*Caviar comes from virgin sturgeon,
Virgin sturgeon's a very fine fish,
Virgin sturgeon needs no urgin'
That's why caviar's m'favorite dish.*

*I fed caviar to my girl friend,
She's a virgin tried and true,
Now my girl friend needs no urgin'
There ain't nothin' she won't do.*

*I fed caviar to my grandpa,
He's a gent of ninety-three,
Now my grandpa needs no urgin'
He chased grandma up a tree.*





'THE DARKTOWN STRUTTERS' BALL'

*I'll be down to get you in a taxi, Honey,
You better be ready 'bout half-past eight.
Now, dearie, don't be late,
I want to be there when the band starts playing,
Remember when we get there, Honey,
The two-step I'm gwine have them all,
Gwine dance out both my shoes,
When they play the "Jelly Roll Blues,"
Tomorrow night at the Darktown Strutters' Ball.*



'LANDLORD FILL THE FLOWING BOWL'

O, Landlord fill the flowing bowl,

Until it doth run over.

O, Landlord fill the flowing bowl,

Until it doth run over.

For tonight we'll merry, merry be,

For tonight we'll merry, merry be,

For tonight we'll merry, merry be,—

Tomorrow we'll be sober — maybe!

O, the man who drinks cold water clear,

And goes to bed quite sober,

O, the man who drinks cold water clear,

And goes to bed quite sober,—

He lives until he dies perhaps,

He lives until he dies perhaps,

He lives until he dies perhaps,

So early in October.

But he who drinks his whiskey straight,

And goes to bed quite mellow, (repeat twice)

Lives as he ought to live, (repeat twice)

And dies a jolly good fellow.

The little girl who steals a kiss

And runs and tells her mother, (repeat twice)

Does a very foolish thing, (repeat twice)

And seldom gets another.

MY COMRADES, WHEN I'M NO MORE DRINKING

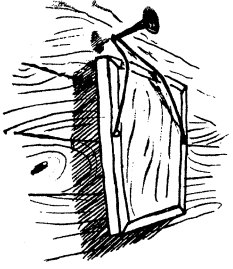
*My Comrades, when I'm no more drinking,
But sick with gout and palsey lie,
Reclining on my death-bed sinking,
Believe me then my hour is nigh.*

*But die I this day or tomorrow,
My testament's already made,
My funeral at your hands I'll borrow,
But without splendor or parade.*

*And as me to my grave you're taking,
Then follow onward man by man,
Let no sad funeral bells be ringing,
But tinkling glasses be your plan.*

*And on my tombstone be inscribed,
This man was born-lived-drunk-and died,
And da da da da da da da da,
Through all life's joy's a purple tide.*





So Her Pappy Turned Her Picture to the Wall.

VERSE:

*Way down in old Kentucky lived a gal name Gertie Glynn,
She was the cutest virgin that ever learned to sin.
Now Gertie needed lovin' and she wanted lovin' bad,
So the first young man who kissed her, got everything she had.*

CHORUS

*So her pappy turned her picture,
Yes, her pappy turned her picture,
Yes, her pappy turned her picture to the wall.
She said, If this is damnation, its a helluva sensation,
And she thumbed her pretty nostrils at them all.*

VERSE (a)

*She was driven from her homestead, in all the cold and wet,
Nine months later she grew famous, giving birth to sextette*

CHORUS

*So her pappy turned her picture,
Yes, her pappy turned her picture,
Yes, her pappy turned her picture upside down,
He was rarin' for a killin', so he hunted for that villian,
And that night a dozen men got out of town.*

VERSE (b)

*Then Gertie had an offer, for the kids to join a show,
She made just loads of money, and she sent home all the dough.*

CHORUS

*So her pappy turned her picture,
Yes, her pappy turned her picture,
Yes, her pappy turned her picture to the light.
He said, Gertie this is Heaven, next time try and make it seven,
Please go out and see what you can do tonight.*



VERSE (c)

*Gertie said, Now Pa, its useless, that was one of nature's tricks,
Most children have one father, but my sextette had six.*

CHORUS

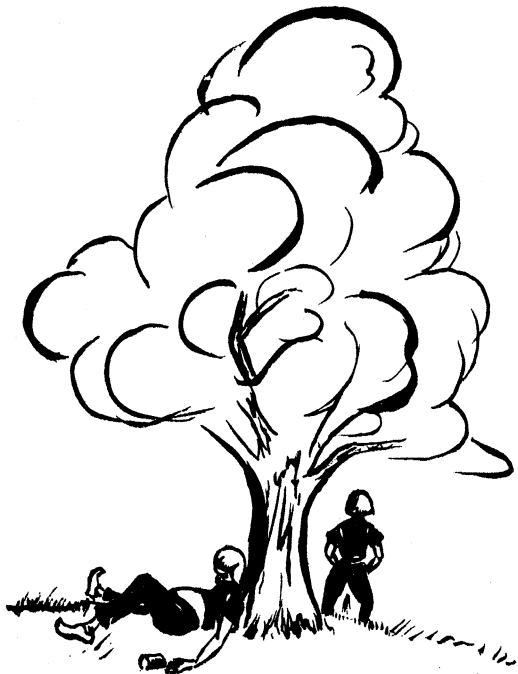
*So her pappy turned her picture,
Yes, her pappy turned her picture,
And then he grabbed his gun with no regrets.
He said, This is too uncanny, and he shot her in the woodshed,
Now she can't give birth to any more sextettes.*

FINALE:

*Now she's livin' in the city,
Yes, she's livin' in the city,
Yes, she's livin' in the city mighty swell.
When she sins there's no more naggin',
'Cause that shotgun fixed her wagon,
AND THE PICTURE ON THE WALL CAN GO TO HELL.*

*TUNE: The West Virginia Hills,
(She came rollin' down the mountain, etc.)*





The Dutch Family



*The Dutch family is the best family
That ever came over from old Germany.
There's the Rotterdam Dutch,
And the Potsdam Dutch,
The Amsterdam Dutch,
And the God Damned Dutch.*

*Sing Glorious, Glorious,
One keg of beer for the four of us,
Glory be to God that there are no more of us,
For one of us could drink it all alone.*

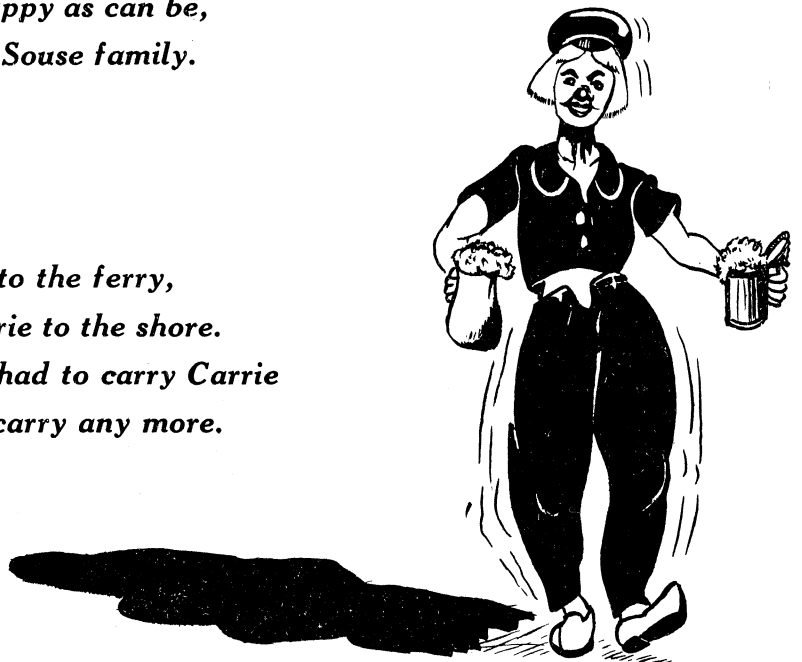


*Drunk last night, drunk the night before,
I'm gonna get drunk tonight like I never got drunk before.
When I'm drunk I'm as happy as can be,
For I am a member of the Souse family.*

Sing Glorious, Glorious,

*They had to carry Carrie to the ferry,
Oh, they had to carry Carrie to the shore.
And the reason that they had to carry Carrie
Was that Carrie couldn't carry any more.*

Sing Glorious, Glorious,



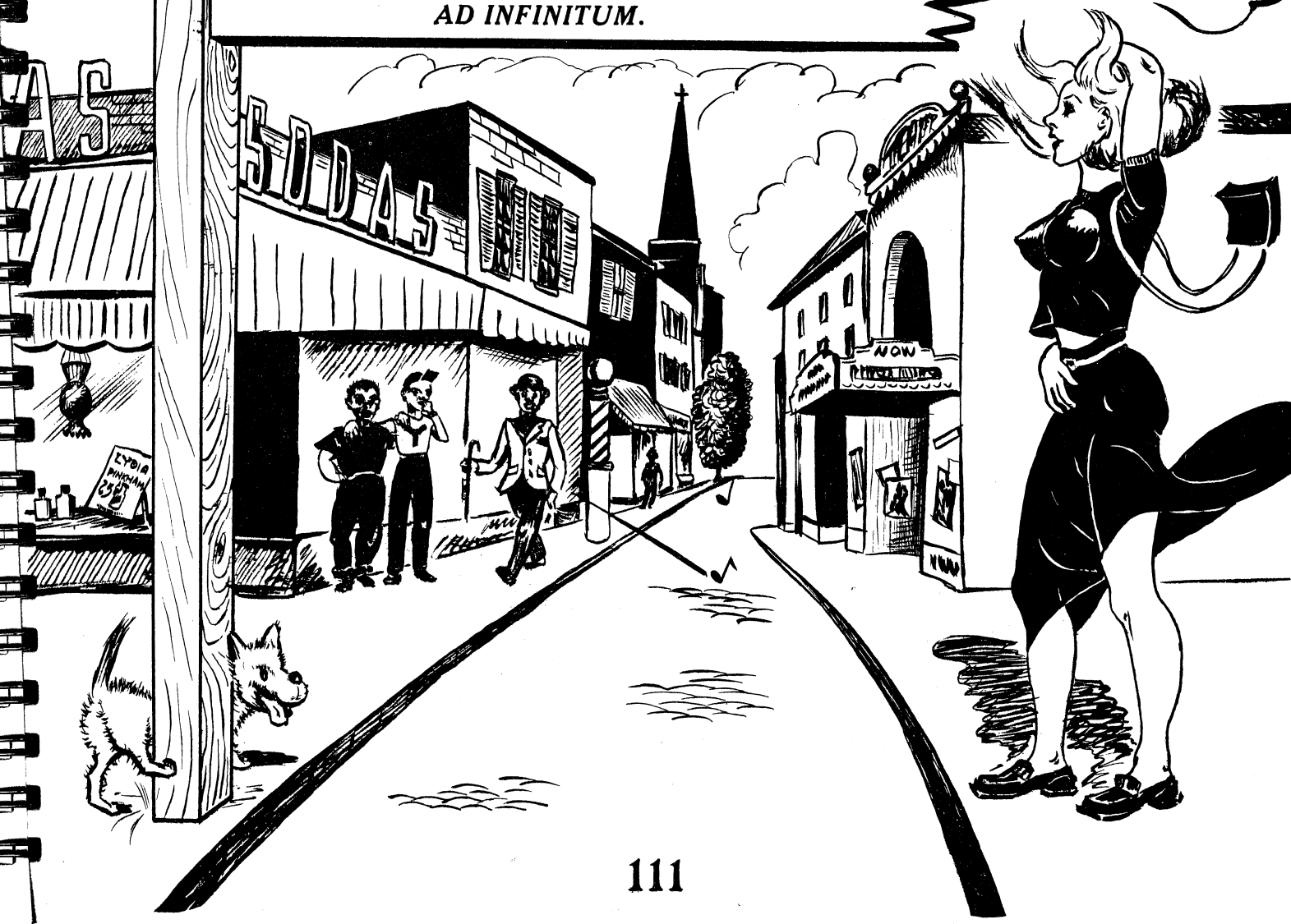


"THE DRUNKER I STAND HERE
THE LONGER I GET"

BROADWAY'S A TAME STREET

*Oh Broadway's a tame street
Compared to our Main Street,
All togg'd out on Saturday night,
Right from Perkins Corners to the First Presbyterian Church,
You can hear these Little Jack Horners,
All dressed up and standing on the corners,
Loo-----ooking them over girls from the clover,
All dressed up and strutting up and down.
For though their skirts are made of gingham,
It's the saucy way they swing 'em,
Brings the drummers to my home town.
Though their skirts are made of cotton,
It's their nicely rounded bottoms &
Though their skirts are made of linen,
It's the way they twitch what's in 'em &*

AD INFINITUM.



JOE'S

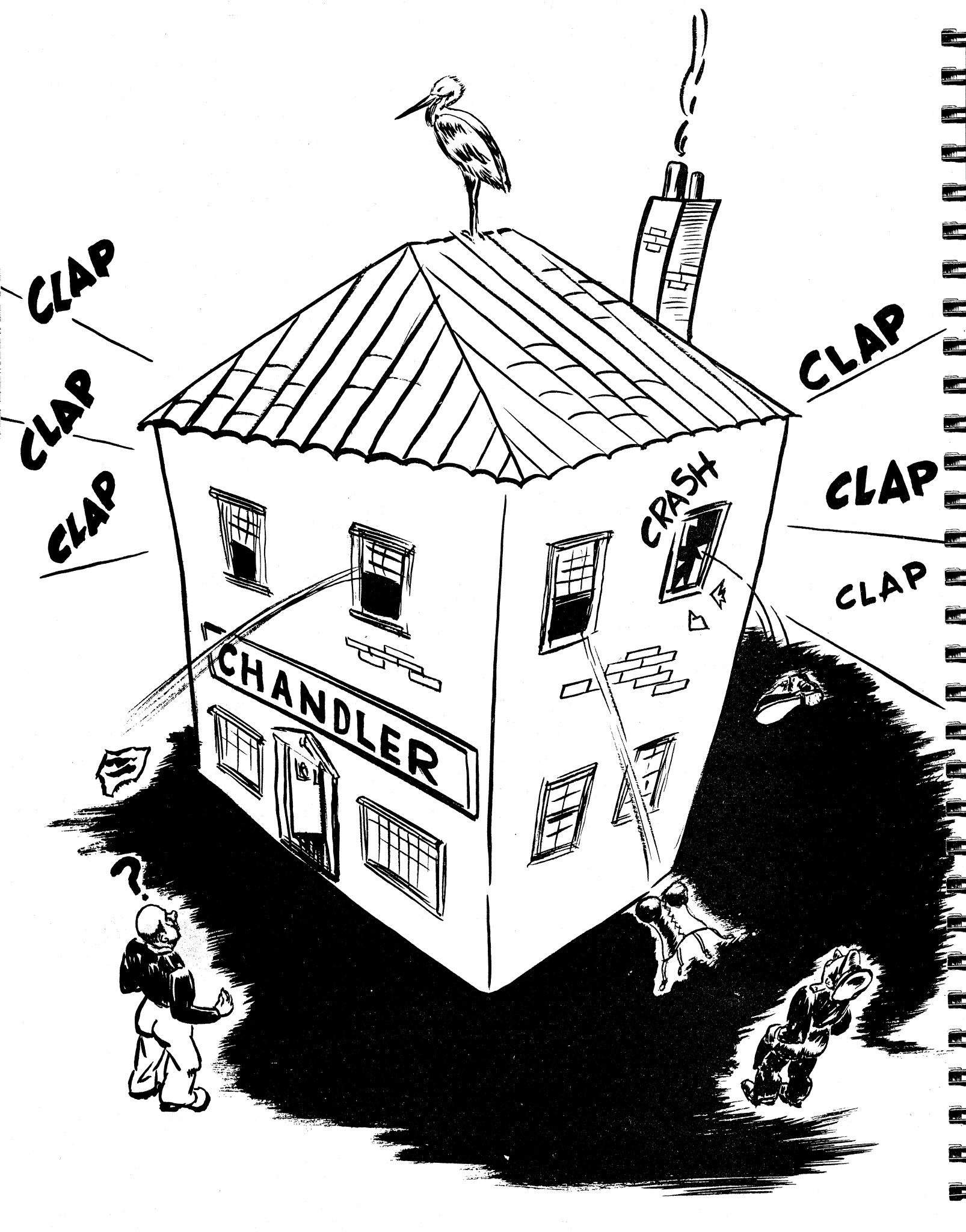


THE BOWERY

*The Bowery, the Bowery,
They do such things,
And they say such things,
On the Bowery, the Bowery,
I'll never go there any more.*

EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE

*East side, West side,
All around the town,
The tots sang "Ring a Rosie,"
"London Bridge is falling down,"
Boys and Girls together,
Me and Mamie O'Rourke,
Tripped the light fantastic,
On the sidewalks of New York.*



" THE CHANDLER'S WIFE "

*A man went into a chandler's shop, some matches for to buy,
And when he got inside the shop, nobody did he spy.
And as he turned upon his heel, and out the door he sped—
He heard the sound of a — * right above his head.
Oh, he heard the sound of a — right above his head.*

*Now this young man was a bold young man, and up the stairs he
sped,
And very surprised was he to find, the chandler's wife in bed.
And by her was a nice young man of very considerable size,
And they were having a — right before his eyes.
Oh, they were having a — right before his eyes.*

*And when the fun was over, and the maiden raised her head,
Very surprised was she to find a man beside her bed.
Oh, if you'll keep my secret, sir, Oh, if you'll be so kind,
You may come back for a — whenever you feel inclined.
Oh, you may come back for a — whenever you feel inclined.*

*Now let this be a lesson, sir, whenever you go to town,
Don't leave your wife to do as she might, but see that she's
kept tied down.
For no one knows what thoughts may dwell, down deep in her
innocent mind.
She may be having a — whenever she feels inclined.
Oh, she may be having a — whenever she feels inclined.*

** Everybody claps three times.*

THE PERSIAN KITTY

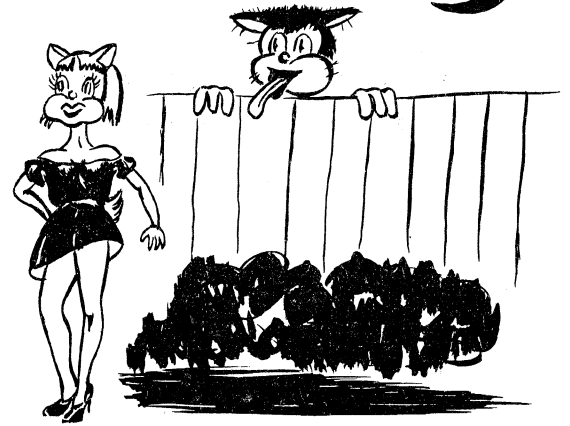
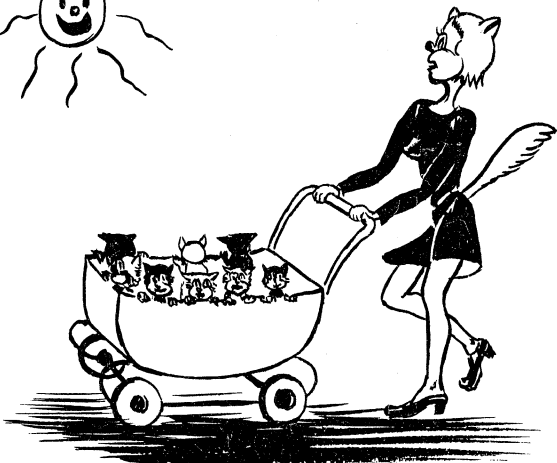
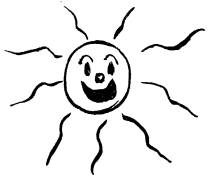
*The Persian Kitty perfumed and fair,
Went out in the backyard to get some air.
Tom Cat, live, lean and long,
Dirty and yellow, came along.*

*He sniffed at the perfume of the Persian cat,
As she walked around with much eclat.
Thinkin' perhaps of the hours to pass,
Said, "Little Kitty, you sho' got class."*



*Then up said the Tom Cat with a smile,
"And trust your new-found friend for a while,
Don't sit all day on the backyard fence,
What you need, my dear, is experience."*

*Then to the Kitty he unfurled
Those thrilling tales of the outside world,
Suggested at last with a lewd laugh,
A trip for two down the primrose path.*



*Fittin' and proper was her reply,
As she arched those whiskers over her eye,
"Satin and lace and ribbons of silk,
Daily I'm fed on certified milk."*

*"Oughta be happy with what I've got,
Oughta be happy, but happy I'm not,
Oughta be happy, should indeed,
Because I'm highly pedigreed."*

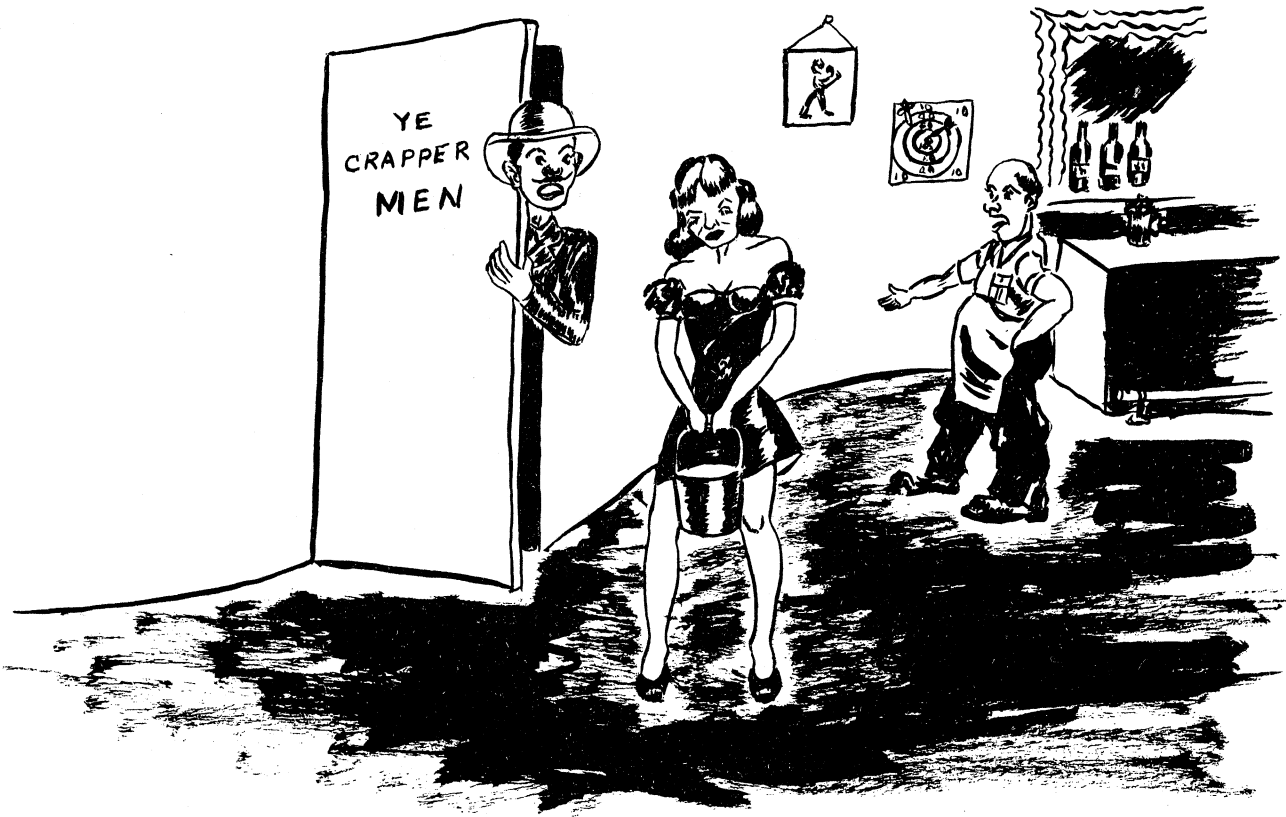


*Now, the morning after the night before,
When the Kitty came home 'bout half past four,
The innocent look in her eye was spent,
And on her face was a smile of content.*

*So, after years when the neighbors all came
To see the Persian kitties of the pedigreed fame,
They weren't Persian, they were black and tan,
Said their father was a travellin' man,
A ratchin', a scratchin', a travellin' man.*

"Her Mother Never Told Her"

'Twas a cold winter's evening,
The guests were all leaving,
O'Leary was closing the bar —
When he turned 'round and said,
To the lady in red,
"Get out, you can't stay where you are!"
She shed a sad tear in her bucket of beer,
As she thought of the cold night ahead,
When a gentleman dapper leaned out of the crapper,
And these are the words that he said:
"Her mother never told her, the things a young girl should know,
"About the ways of servicemen, and how they come and go,
"The years have taken her beauty, life has left a sad scar,
"So think of your sisters and mothers, boys, and let her sleep
under the bar!"



"The Landlady's Daughter"

*There once were three students who came o'er the Rhine,
And enter'd an inn for a flagon of wine.*

*"O landlady, keep your good vintages, pray?
And where is your pretty young daughter today?"*

*"My vintages all are as good as can be;
My daughter is lost now for ever to me!"
The students craved leave to behold the fair dead,
And stood in her presence, whose spirit had fled.*

*The first raised the veil that was drawn o'er her face,
And gazed on the form wrapt in Death's cold embrace.
"Ah me! if on earth thou wert fated to stay,
Fair maid, I would love thee henceforth from today!"*

*The next o'er her face drew the veil once again,
And murmured these words in a sorrowful strain:
"Oh! take from my heart this sad tribute of tears!
Fair maid, I have loved thee most fondly for years!"*

*The third, thereupon, drew the veil from her brow,
And, kissing her, cried, "Oh, how beautiful thou!
I loved thee, yea, always; I love thee today;
And still shall I love thee forever and aye!"*

SOLOMON LEVI

My name is Solomon Levi;

At my store on Chatham Street,

That's where you'll buy your coats and vests,

And ev'rything that's neat;

I've second-handed ulsterettes,

And ev'rything that's fine,

For all the boys they trade with me,

At a hundred and forty-nine.

CHORUS

O, Solomon Levi! Levi! tra la la la!

Poor Sheeny Levi, tra la la la la la la la la.

And if a bumner comes along,

To my store on Chatham Street,

And tries to hang me up for coats,

And vests so very neat;

I kicks the bumner right out of my store,

And on him sets my pup,

For I won't sell clothing to any man,

Who tries to set me up.

The people are delighted,

To come inside of my store,

And trade with the elegant gentleman,

What I keeps to walk the floor.

He is a blood among the Sheenies,

Beloved by one and all,

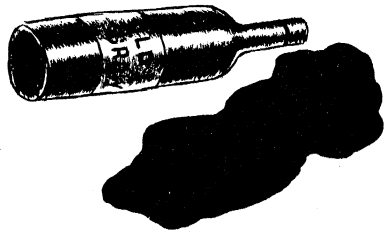
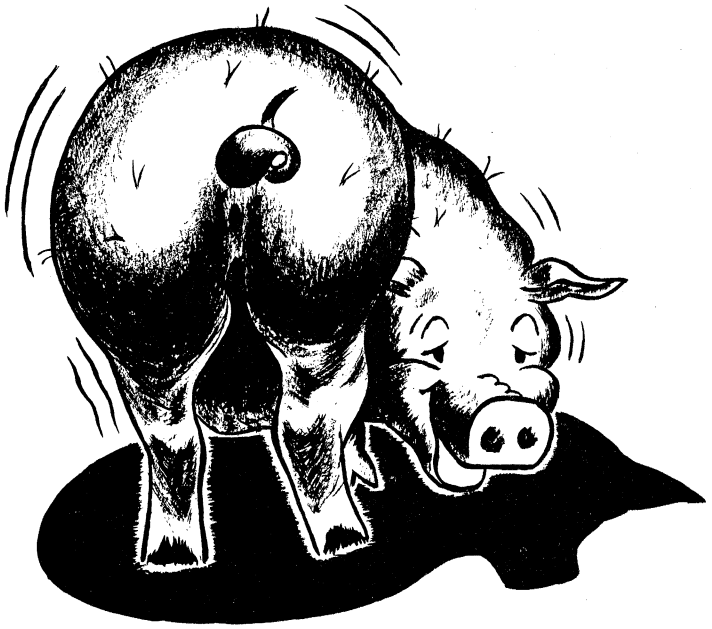
And his clothes they fit him jußt like,

The paper on the wall.



WEE DOCH-AN-DORRIS

*Just a wee doch-an-dorris,
Just a wee drap that's a',
Just a wee doch-an-dorris,
Before we gang awa'.
There's a wee wifie waitin'
In a wee bret-and beu-
If you can say
It's a braw brecht,
Moonlecht necht:
Yer a' recht, ye ken.*



"THE PIG GOT UP AND SLOWLY WALKED AWAY"